

13. A. a. 1
M E M O I R S

O F T H E

L I F E and W R I T I N G S

O F

B E N. J O N S O N, Esq;

P O E T L A U R E A T to King *James* the First,
and King *Charles* the First.

W I T H

A N A B S T R A C T of the L I V E S of their Favourites,
Somerſet and Buckingham.

C O L L E C T E D F R O M T H E

W r i t i n g s of the moſt eminent Hiſtorians, and
interſperſed with the Paſquils of thoſe Times.

To which are added,

T W O C O M E D I E S, (wrote by *Ben. Jonſon*, &c.
and not printed in his Works) called

The Widow, and Eaſtward Hoe.

By *W. R. CHETWOOD.*

P O E T S have an undoubted Right to claim,
If not the greateſt, the moſt laſting Name. CONG.

D U B L I N :

Printed for, and Sold by, *W. R. CHETWOOD*, at the
Green Door, the Entrance of the *Four-Court-Marſhalſea*;
and by Meſſrs. *G. and A. Ewing*, *P. Wilſon*, *R. James*,
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MEMOIRS

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

REV. JOHN JOHNSON

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

BY THE REV. JOHN JOHNSON

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

1794

THE

REV. JOHN JOHNSON

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

LONDON



T O

Thomas Adderley, Esq;

S I R,

AN Address from an intire
 Stranger to your Person,
 may appear like Adulation; but
Vox Populi, &c. therefore you
 must be less conspicuous in your
 Goodness, to be less admired. A
 Person that, in his private Capa-
 city, is ever labouring to do pub-
 lic Good to his Fellow-Citizens;
 to preserve their just Rights, their
 Liberties

DEDICATION.

Liberties and Laws, must be a true Patriot and Guardian of his Country. Distant Nations are not to blame, who feel the Warmth of the Sun, to own its Influence. He that is contented in his private Station, and is hourly accumulating Praise by worthy Actions, is the best Citizen. Titles, if not worn by Virtue, are indelible Stains to the Wearer. This is the chief Motive why I presumed in the Choice of my Patron, and must add to the Presumption, in subscribing myself

Your sincerely obedient

Humble Servant,

W. R. CHETWOOD.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THIS LIFE of BEN. JONSON was first undertaken at the Sollicitation of two Booksellers in *Dublin*, to prefix to our Author's Works, and Proposals were printed accordingly; but finding it, on mature Consideration, too weighty an Undertaking, they were compelled to desist. However, several Gentlemen, of critical Observation, after considering the Tract, were of Opinion it should be made public; therefore, the Editors have made it a more general History of those Times, and hope it may prove more entertaining to the curious Reader.

P R E F A C E.

They have also added two celebrated Comedies, in which our Author joined with three cotemporary eminent Poets, never published in any Edition of *Jonson's* Works, and allowed, by the best Judges, to equal, if not excel, his other Performances. *Eastward Hoe!* so incensed King *James I.* and his Court, that *Jonson* was seized and imprisoned; and such was the Unhappiness of those Times, that it was with the greatest Difficulty, and the incessant Solicitations of the prime Nobility, he escaped a severe Punishment, (*viz.* his Ears nail'd to the Pillory, cut off by the Hangman, and perpetual Banishment.) His Mother, to prevent the Ignominy, prepared a mortal Mixture of Opium, and other quick dispatching Poisons, which she was resolved they both should take together, on the first Notice of the Sentence being pronounced.



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THE

THE INTRODUCTION.

GREAT and good Poets are an Honour to the Countries that gave them Birth; we have a more particular Account of their inspired Train of Antiquity, than even of their *Kings* and *Heroes*. No less than seven Cities of *Greece* contended for the Birth of *Homer*, neither was that Contention ever truly decided. *Thucydides* seems to fix it in the Island of *Chios* from the Author's own Words:

- ‘ The blind Bard that dwells in sandy *Chios*,
- ‘ Whose Works shall ever live in high Esteem.

But the learned *Casaubon* seems to give no very great Credit to *Thucydides*, though ever esteemed a very faithful *Historian*: He tells us,

‘ *Homer* wander'd over all the Islands of *Greece*, and
‘ sure a Man might dwell where he was not born;’ but this is beyond our Purpose; therefore we shall leave the Antients to their due reverential Honours, which will endure to the End of Time. *Greece*, at present, lies low in Learning; and even *Italy* is but the Shadow of what she was; the Drama of the *Italians* is soft and enervating. Few worth mentioning among the *Spaniards*, *Portuguese*, *Germans*, or *Dutch*; and the dramattick Muse seems to be divided between *France* and our northern Nations. *England* has produced more excellent Poets these three last Centuries than all the other Parts of *Europe*, as well in dramattick, as every other Branch in the sacred Science.

IRELAND, many Ages past, was called the learned Island; and Poets were held in very high Esteem by their Monarchs and chief Nobility; and the Natives, no doubt, as early as any People of the learned World, drank deep Draughts of the *Heliconian* Stream. We are convinced, the *Irish* Language (though we confess we do not understand it) wants neither Majesty, Softness, Rhetoric, or Elegance. To prove that Poets were in high Rank in *Ireland*, before the *Danes* ravaged the fruitful Kingdom, give us Leave to insert Part of a Translation from the original *Irish*, by a learned Gentleman of this Kingdom; a poetical Account of the royal Officers that attended the Courts of the antient Monarchs of *IRELAND*.

THESE Royal Officers, for Use and State,
Attend the Court, and on the Monarch wait.
A Nobleman, whose virtuous Actions grace
His Blood, and add new Glories to his Race.
A Judge, to fix the Meaning of the Laws;
To shield the Poor, and right the injur'd Cause.
A learn'd Physician, by his artful Care
To ease the Sick, and weaken'd Health repair.
A Poet, to applaud, or boldly blame!
And justly to give Infamy, or Fame;
For, without him, the freshest Laurels fade,
And Vice to dark Oblivion is betray'd.
The next Attendant was a faithful Priest,
Prophetic Fury roll'd within his Breast!
Full of his God, he tells the distant Doom
Of Kings unborn, and Nations yet to come.
To touch the Harp the sweet Musician bends,
And both his ~~Hands~~ upon the String extends.
Music has Power the Passions to controul,
And tune the harsh Disorders of the Soul!

WE hope it may oblige the Reader, if we here give him a short Account of the Rise and Fall of K. *James* the First's two Favourites: Both, from mean Beginnings, arose to the highest Step of Honour and Power; who ruled the Nation under this weak Monarch; more especially, as they are often pointed at in the many *Pasquils* of

of those Times during the Life of our Poet, and some of them supposed to be written by *Ben Jonson*.

* *ROBERT CARR*, his first Favourite, a young *Scot*, about twenty, a very handsome Man, was, by Lord *Hayes*, thought a fit Person to fix the King's Affections. With this Hope, he was resolved to shew him at Court, and surprize the King, by presenting to him this new Object, as it were by Accident.

ONE Day, at a Tilting, he pitched upon *Carr* to carry his Shield and Device to the King, according to antient Custom.

THE King being on Horseback, and *Carr* advancing to perform his Office, his Horse flung him, and broke his Leg. *James* seem'd greatly concern'd at the Accident, and ordered him an Apartment in the Palace at *Whitehall*.

IN short, not a Day past, but the King spent many Hours in his Chamber, till he was intirely recovered. Then the King, finding him unlearned, undertook to teach him *Latin*; (a proper Office, says *Osborne*) he knighted him, and made him Gentleman of his Bed-chamber. *James* made such a rapid Progress in advancing his Favourite, that, in the Compass of two Years, he made him High-Treasurer of *Scotland*, Baron of *Branspith*, and Viscount *Rochester*, Privy-counsellor, and Knight of the Garter, and, soon after, created him Earl of *Sommerfet*. In the mean Time, he fell in Love with the Countess of *Effex*, or rather, she with him, who being married to the Earl of *Effex* against her Will, she pleaded there was no Consummation, and she still a Virgin, sued for a Divorce assisted by *Carr*, who ruled all. Sir *Thomas Overbury* was intirely against these Proceedings, (who being a real Friend to *Carr*) *Carr* discovered *Overbury's* Sentiments to the Countess of *Effex*, which so enraged her, that she, and her Accomplices, with the Compliance of *Carr*, then Viscount *Rochester*, wrought the Death of *Overbury* by a lingering Poison. Soon after, the Trial for the Divorce came on between *Effex* and his Countess. She, being properly examined, was declared a Virgin; but however, (says an Author

‘ of those Times) she declared her Modesty could not
 ‘ brook to be examined barefaced; so she prevailed upon
 ‘ the Court of Justice, with the Help of her Paramour,
 ‘ *Carr*, to appear veiled to the Jury of Matrons; so the
 ‘ Countess wisely whip’d a Habit of her own on a real
 ‘ Virgin, of her Shape, Make, and Stature, and palm’d
 ‘ her on the Examinants instead of herself.

‘ WHILE this Divorce was variously censured, *Carr*
 ‘ espoused the Countess of *Essex*, which added Rumour
 ‘ upon Rumour, and soon after *Overbury*’s Murder was
 ‘ discovered. *Sommerfet*, (as he then was, by a new
 ‘ Creation) with his new Countess, and their Accom-
 ‘ plices, were try’d, found guilty, and condemned.
 ‘ Their Accomplices were executed; but *Sommerfet* and
 ‘ his Wife were first reprieved, and after pardoned, con-
 ‘ trary to *James*’s Oath: He denounced a heavy Curse
 ‘ upon himself and his Posterity, if ever he pardoned the
 ‘ Murderers of *Overbury*. To finish what relates to the
 ‘ *Earl* and Countess of *Sommerfet*, I shall briefly add, that
 ‘ their Love, which had carried them to commit such
 ‘ abominable Deeds, turn’d, in the End, to Hatred; they
 ‘ lived many Years in one House, as Strangers to each
 ‘ other, and, at last, the Countess died of an uncommon
 ‘ Disease, (an Ulcer in her Womb.) But the *Earl* lived
 ‘ long enough to see his Daughter married to the Duke of
 ‘ *Bedford*, who had by her the Lord *Russell*, beheaded in
 ‘ the Reign of *Charles II.* for high Treason.”

THERE was a short Copy of Verses handed about
 in those Times, said to be written by one *Lane*, Author of
 several poetical Pieces, call’d,

ADVICE TO THE SONS OF MEN.

‘ LET any poor Lad, that is handsome and young,
 ‘ With *Parle vous France*, and a Voice for a Song,
 ‘ But once get a Horse, and seek out good *James*,
 ‘ He’ll soon find the House, ’tis great, near the *Thames*,
 ‘ It was built by a Priest, a Butcher by Calling,
 ‘ But neither Priesthood nor Trade cou’d keep him from
 falling.
 ‘ As soon as you ken the pitiful Loon,
 ‘ Fall down from your Nag, as if in a Swoon:

- * If he doth nothing more, he'll open his Purse,
- * If he likes you, ('tis known he's a very good Nurse)
- * Your Fortune is made, he'll dress you in Sattin,
- * And, if you're unlearn'd, he'll teach you Dog Latin.
- * On good pious *James* Male Beauty prevaieth,
- * And other Men's Fortune on such he in-taileth.

CARR being marry'd to the Countess of *Essex*, the Courtiers rightly conceived it was a fit Time to work his Disgrace; but the best Way to bring this to pass, was to procure him another new Favourite.

* *KING JAMES* was wont, twice a Year, to take a Journey into some Part of the Kingdom; these were called Progresses, one in the Winter, and one in the Summer. In the Year 1615. he stop'd at *Cambridge*, where the Scholars entertain'd him with a Comedy, call'd *Ignoramus*, which turn'd the common Law into Ridicule, a Matter that greatly pleased the King, who desired to see it a second Time.

At this Play, the Lords of the Court placed *George Villars*, a young Gentleman of a fine Mein, an excellent Shape, exceeding handsome, and elegantly dress'd, near the King. Their Plot succeeded; for the King seldom took his Eyes off him. This young Man, by the Helps of his Mother, had an extraordinary good Education; had travell'd, and spoke *French* as if a Native of that Kingdom, danced finely, and a good Scholar; so far he had the Advantage of *Sommerfet* at his first setting out. The King that very Night, resolv'd to have *Villars* about his Person, and order'd him Money the next Morning (secretly) to purchase the Place of Cup-bearer, then vacant. This was *Villars's* first Step at Court. He was the same Year made Gentleman of the King's Bed-chamber. *Sommerfet* still kept Footing at Court, therefore the King perswaded *Villars* seemingly to beg his Protection, and offer his Service, which he did accordingly; but *Sommerfet* return'd *Villars* this blunt Answer, *I will have none of your Service, and you shall have none of my Favour: I will, if I can, break your Neck, and of that be confident.* This Answer rais'd the King's Anger, and that Moment

* *Rapin*, History of *Cambridge*, *Coke*, *Howell*, &c.

he resolved to rid his Hands of *Sommerfet*, which was soon accomplish'd; for, after his Trial for the Murder of *Overbury*, and gaining his Pardon, he was divested of all his Offices, and banish'd from Court. Then *Villars* stood alone without a Competitor; he was first knighted, then created Baron of *Brandspach*, Viscount *Whaddon*, Earl of *Buckingham*, and Privy-counsellor of *Scotland*, all in the Space of eighteen Months. *Villars* made a more rapid Progression in the King's Favour than his Predecessor *Sommerfet*, and as soon forgot his Advisers. In the Space of two Years he turn'd out those that were favoured by *Sommerfet*, and put in those of his own Relations and Friends; which, we suppose, occasioned the following Lines *.

' WHY, what a *De'el* of a *Buck* is this we have here?
 ' Who out-antlers his Brethren in less than a Year!
 ' He seemeth to me a most notable Spark,
 ' And holds up his Head above all in the Park:
 ' The rest of the Herd trot fawning by Dozens,
 ' But he amply provides for Ten Score of Cousins:
 ' But the *Buck* that is tallest is doom'd for the Chace,
 ' Then faith, *Buck*, you stand in a slippery Place;
 ' You may stop and bay, or run over the Grounds,
 ' But at last you'll be overcome by the Hounds.

' † WHEN *Buckingham* found himself sufficiently fix'd in
 ' the King's Favour, not to be removed, he set himself
 ' to gain the good Graces of Prince *Charles*, and, with a
 ' little Court Flattery, soon prevailed. He advised the
 ' Prince to the Voyage into *Spain*, which was a mad Un-
 ' dertaking, and proved abortive. *James* grew jealous
 ' of his Favourite, and that weak Prince had not Spirit
 ' enough to seek a proper Remedy. In short, some Peo-
 ' ple called those Times the Reign of *Buckingham*, and
 ' not of *James*. The King dying the 27th of *March*
 ' of a Tertian Ague, 1625, King *Charles*, when crown'd,
 ' made *Buckingham* his full Favourite, with as much, if
 ' nor more ample, Power than he had before, although he
 ' was

* *Naps on Parnassus.*

† *Wood, Cke, Wilson, Osborn, Rapin, &c.*

' was suspected of poisoning the King his Father. In
 ' short, this unlucky Favourite, almost ruined the Nation,
 ' and brought all those Troubles on the King and King-
 ' dom: He was universally hated. But to make an End
 ' of him, as he was going General to the Siege of
 ' Rochelle, he was stabb'd at *Portsmouth* by *Felton*, who
 ' declared, at his Trial, that he had no other Motive
 ' than *the Good of his Country*. The Death of this Fa-
 ' vourite gave universal Joy to the Nation, save only his
 ' Dependants, and Place-men: People congratulated each
 ' other as they met in the Streets, and they murder'd
 ' him with their *Pasquills* a thousand Times over again.
 We shall mention a few Lines in one of their Productions,
 called a *Pacquet* from *Portsmouth*, which we shall con-
 clude with; and may all his Faults lie bury'd in the
 Grave.

' THEN consecrate the *Knife* that gave the Blow,
 ' And on the Blade a *golden* Haft bestow.
 ' Ev'n those that wept for Sorrows all their own,
 ' Wiped off the falling Tear, and ceased to mourn;
 ' The Story told, their Grief they wou'd beguile,
 ' And, like the clouded Sun, beam forth a Smile.
 ' So *Cæsar*, when he wou'd have captiv'd *Rome*,
 ' Fell unlamented, and deserved his Doom."

Mr. *Feltham* (the Author of that excellent Book call'd
 the *RESOLVES*) has publish'd a *Poem* on the Death of
Buckingham; where he says, (speaking of *Felton*)

' And sure, when all the Patriots in the Shade
 ' Shall rank, and their full Musters there be made,
 ' He shall sit next to *Brutus*.

Vide his Lusorio, Page 7. Lond. 1677.

THE Son to this unfortunate Nobleman wrote a Piece
 upon *Felton*, without the least Bitterness in it, from a Son,
 on the Murderer of his Father; but rather in Commen-
 dation.

Upon *Felton*, that was hanged in Chains for the Murder
of the *Duke of Buckingham*, in the Reign of King
Charles I.

By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

HERE, uninterr'd, suspends, though not to save
Surviving Friends th' Expences of a Grave,
Felton's dead Earth, which to the World will be
Its own sad Monument; his Elogy
As large as Fame, which, whether *bad* or *good*
I say not, by himself 'twas wrote in Blood;
For which his Body is intomb'd in Air,
Arch'd o'er with Heav'n, set with a thousand fair
And glorious Stars, a noble Sepulchre,
Which Time itself can't ruinate, and where
Th' impartial Worm (that is not brib'd to spare
Princes corrupt in Marble) cannot share
His Flesh, which oft the charitable Skies
Imbalm with Tears, daining those Obsequies,
So long to Men shall last, 'till pitying Fowl
Contend to reach his Body to his Soul.

Buckingham (Villars) Works, p. 13, Vol. I. Lond. 1704.

THOUGH *England* can give an earlier Account of the
Drama than any other Nation in *Europe*, yet it was but
in its Infancy, naked and bare, till the Reign of our
Virgin Queen; she fed, and cloathed, and brought it to
Manhood; but *Shakespear*, and our *Ben. Jonson*, pro-
vided the proper Diet, on which it fed, and grew to
Perfection; *Shakespear*, with his wild woodland Notes of
Nature, charm'd; but *Jonson* added Art, and made the
pleasing Groves and Lawns a Garden of Delight.

BEFORE we proceed to the Life of *Jonson*, we will
give the Reader the Sentiments of two modern Authors
on him and his Works.

' *JONSON*, at a Time when critical Learning was
' as strange in *France* as *Barbary*, did what no *Frenchman*
' was ever able to do. He produced regular Plays of
' five Acts, compleat in the Unities of Place and Cha-
' racters; and so exact in the Unity of Time, that they
' are

‘ are acted upon the Stage in the same Time which the same Story would have taken up in real Life.

‘ WHERE then is the Merit of the *French* critical Discoveries, when an *Englishman* has so much the Start of their *Academy*, and such Advantages in the Execution?’
Guthrie's Essay upon English Tragedy.

‘ *BEN JONSON* is another shining Instance of our Superiority over the Antients; he had a thorough Knowledge of human Nature, from its highest, to its lowest, Gradations; was perfectly well acquainted with the various Combination of Passions, and the innumerable Blendings of Vice and Virtue, which distinguish one Character from another: But what more eminently exalted him above all comic Writers whatever, was, the Art which he possessed, in the most eminent Degree, of happily marking the different Shades of the same Colour, the covetous from the covetous, the voluptuous from the voluptuous: And as he was deeply read in Men, so was he in Books; being, without Dispute, the most learned of all his Contemporaries. In a Word, he was the *Virgil* of the *British* Nation. The *Silent Woman*, the correctest Play on the *British* Stage, to which I refer the Reader, as to a perfect Standard of dramatic Writing.’

Guthrie's Treatise of English Comedy, Lond. 1750.

‘ *JONSON*, the best of Poets in his Days, (and I know none that have gone beyond him since) differed from all his Brothers in that sacred Art; he never descended to the mean Art of Flattery! We cannot find a single Line, in all his Works, relative to the Praise or Commendation of those two upstart Favourites, *Carr* or *Sommerfet*, or that Arch-Priest and Politician, *Laud*, that intirely governed the Monarch, but rather seemed to lash the Vices of those Times in all his excellent Comedies; and, for joining with two other eminent Poets in a Play, call'd, *Eastward Hoe*, he was seized, imprisoned, and in great Danger of cruel Suffering by the Tyranny of those Times, through the exorbitant Power of that lordly ruling Prelate. That Prince must be very weak, that suffers himself to be govern'd by them, in any Religion; we have fatal
 ‘ Instances

- ‘ Instances, both in Father and Son, in a former Reign.
- ‘ From such Proceedings, some have taken the Liberty to
- ‘ compare a Priest in Politicks to a Monkey in a Glass-shop,
- ‘ where he is sure to do no Good, but may do a great
- ‘ deal of Mischief.’

Rights of the Christian Church, p. 270.





THE
L I F E
O F
BEN. JONSON, Esq;

OUR Author, *Ben. Jonson*, was originally descended from a *Scots* Family in *Annandale*. His Grandfather, a Gentleman of considerable Income, through some Disgust, disposed of his Estate, and settled at *Carlisle*, in *Cumberland*, in the North of *England*, where he marry'd a Lady of Family and Fortune, and had by her one Son, the Father of our *Poet*. This Gentleman was recommended to King *Henry VIII.* and was one of the early Protestants at the Reformation; but when Queen *Mary*, the Wife of *Philip of Spain*, came to the Crown, he fell into the Persecution of those Times; his Estate forfeited, and suffered a long and cruel Imprisonment. After his Release, he entered into Holy Orders, and died about a Month before our *Poet's* Birth,

Birth, * who was born in *Westminster* in the Year 1574.
 † He received the first Rudiments of Education at a private School, in the Church of *St. Martins* in the Fields;
 ‡ but afterwards was removed to the Royal School at *Westminster*, where our great *Cambden* was his Master, who not only took Care to cultivate so promising a Plant, but contracted a Friendship with *Ben*, where, in his fourteenth Epigram, he pays our great Historian his Acknowledgment.

To Mr. CAMBDEN, on his *Britannia*.

CAMDEN, most reverend Head, in whom I owe
 All that I am in Arts, all that I know:

(How nothing's that) to whom my Country owes
 The great Renown and Name wherewith she goes.

Than thee the Age sees not that Thing more grave,
 More high, more holy, that she more would crave.

What Name, what Skill, what Faith hast thou in
 Things?

What Right in searching the most antique Strings?

What Weight, and what Authority in thy Speech!
 Man scarce can make that Doubt, but thou can teach.

Pardon free Truth, and let thy Modesty,
 Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee.

Many of thine this better cou'd than I,
 But for their Powers accept my Piety §.

In the mean Time, his Mother marry'd a second Husband, a Master *Bricklayer*, who thought his Son-in-law would get more Money by assisting his own Trade, or, at least, be at less Expence in his Education, obliged him to follow his Occupation, || and made him Overseer of the Workmen in Building *Lincoln's-Inn*, where he was first taken

* *Heads of Conversation between our Author and Drummond*, 1619. p. 224. Edit. Edinb. 1711.

† *Wood's Athen. Oxon. Vol. 1. Col. 608. 2d Edition.*

‡ *Sir T. Pope Blunt's Character of the Poets ancient and modern.* p. 105. Lond. 1694.

§ *Wood's Athen. Oxon. ubi supra.*

|| *Heads of a Conversation, ubi supra.*

taken Notice of by *Sutton*, Founder of the *Chartereux*, who observing him often with a *Horace* in his Hand, contracted a Friendship that lasted for Life.

OUR Poet but ill brooked his Father-in-law's Employment; therefore it was supposed, that, at this Time, his Mother, unknown to her Husband, furnish'd him for a *Volunteer* in the Low-Country Wars, where he so well distinguish'd himself by his Bravery in conquering his Enemy, that he gain'd the *OPIMA SPOLIA* *. It is something surprising that such a gallant Action should be left unrecorded. We have search'd all the Accounts of the Low-Country Wars of the 16th Century, and cannot find any Mention made of this particular Exploit of our Author. Yet he declares himself a Soldier in an Epigram at the End of the *Poetaster* †.

‘ **S**TRENGTH of my Country, whilst I bring to view
 ‘ Such as are miscall'd Captains, and wrong you,
 ‘ And your high Names, I do desire that thence
 ‘ Be not put on you, nor you take Offence:
 ‘ I swear by your true Friend, my Muse, I love
 ‘ Your great Perfection, which I once did prove;
 ‘ And did not shame it with my Actions then,
 ‘ No more than I dare now do with my Pen.

And we make no Doubt, the following Lines were wrote in ridicule of our Author, on that Account of his Courage ‡.

C

OUR

* *The Opima Spolia were the Trophies and Spoils of the Enemy, gain'd by the Roman General, after he had slain their Commander with his own Hand, and were an Offering, or Sacrifice, in the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius, or as we place the Ensigns of the Vanquish'd in Westminster-Hall.*

† *Ben Jonson's Works, Vol. I. p. 509. Ed. Lond. 1716.*

‡ *On B. J. by T. D. in an old Pamphlet, call'd, A Poetical Garland; 1619. p. 17. supposed to be wrote by Decker. This Author was a Wasp always buzzing at Ben's Nose; for, in his Play of the Poetaster, he lashes Decker under the Name of Crispinus: Decker endeavour'd to return it in a Play, call'd, Satyromastix, or the untrussing a humorous Poet, acted 1602, the Year after Ben Jonson's Poetaster was first play'd.*

‘ OUR Fox of a Poet brags much of his Valour :
 ‘ ’Tis true ’tis well known he beat an old Gaoler ;
 ‘ Stole the Keys from his Side, and committed a Rape
 ‘ On the Door, and valiantly made his Escape.
 ‘ In his Youth, we are told, he follow’d the Camp,
 ‘ And, shrouded by Night, (with the help of a Lamp)
 ‘ He secretly stole to the Tent of a Sutler,
 ‘ And robb’d, in his Sleep, a drunken old Butler.’

UPON his Return for *England* he applied himself, with great Affiduity, to his Studies, and was admitted into *St. John’s College, Cambridge*; tho’ his Continuance in that University was but short. He was afterwards of the University of *Oxford*; and his Dedication to his *Volpone*, or the *Fox*, seems to confirm that Report; where he says,
 ‘ For the present, most reverend and equal Sisters, as I have
 ‘ cared to be thankful for your Affections past, and here
 ‘ made the Understanding acquainted with some Ground
 ‘ of your Favours, let me not despair their Continuance
 ‘ to the maturing of some worthier Work.’ He was enter’d of *Christ-Church College*, and took his Degree of Master of Arts, 1619, invited by the Heads of the College; the same Year he was made Laureat. Mr. *Wood* and Dr. *Fuller* inform us, our Author gain’d a particular Intimacy with most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom that were noted for Lovers of Erudition, and preserved their Favours to the last *. In the mean Time he had the Misfortune to be engaged in a Duel with a Person who had challenged him, wherein he kill’d his Adversary, though his Antagonist wounded *Ben* in the Arm with a Sword ten Inches longer than our Author’s: For this Offence he was seized and imprisoned, where (it is said) he was often visited by a *Romish Priest*, who prevailed on him to embrace the Religion of the Church of *Rome*; but afterwards, being convinced of his Errors, he returned to the Church of *England*. *Decker* gives him a Lash on that Account in the following four Lines:

‘ THY

* *Wood’s Athen.*

- ‘ Thy Conscience and Coat with Ease are thrown off,
 ‘ And, when in thy Cups, all Religion’s thy Scoff,
 ‘ A *Roman* To-day, and nothing To-morrow,
 ‘ A *Chiaus* * wou’d turn, if a Noble cou’dst borrow.

It is very certain our Author was an Actor, and first in a travelling Company; and, no Doubt, was the Poet of the Troop, though we have no Manner of Account of his Works or Memoirs of that Time; all we can gather is from his old and implacable Enemy, *Decker*.

- ‘ This Malevolent reproaches him with having left his
 ‘ Occupation of a *Mortar-treader* to turn Actor; and with
 ‘ having put up a Supplication to be a poor Journeyman
 ‘ Player, in which he would have continued, but that he
 ‘ could not set a good Face on it, and so was cashiered,
 ‘ and ambled by a Play-waggon in the Highway, &c.’

MANY wise Men, in some Sort, have mistaken their Talents, and *Jonson*, no more than *Shakespear*, do not

C 2

deserve

* *Chiaus*, a Turkish Messenger that was in England in the Year 1610, sent by Sir Robert Shirley as his Agent from the Grand Signor and the Persian King. Shirley followed in two Years after as Ambassador from both those Princes; but his Agent, in the mean Time, had choused the Turkish and Persian Merchants out of 4000*l.* and had gone off. Thence, we conjecture, is derived the Word *chouse*, to cheat; for the Turkish Word *Chiaus* is pronounced as we pronounce *chouse* to bite or cheat. And we make but little Doubt that *Jonson*, in his *Alchemist*, took the Hint from this Passage, in the Scene between *Dapper*, *Face*, and *Subtle*, in the first Act.

- ‘ *Dap.* What do you think of me, that I am a *Chiaus*?
 ‘ *Face.* What’s that?
 ‘ *Dap.* The *Turk* that was here. As one would say,
 ‘ Do you think I am a *Turk*? [or Cheat.]

There were three Brothers of these Shirleys, all great Travellers, and to them we owe our Establishment of our Trade to Turkey and Persia. See *Purchas*. — Their Adventures were form’d into a Play, call’d, *The Travels of the three English Brothers*. By John Day, 1607.

deserve Imputation for not being great Actors; for they both try'd their Fortune on the Stage, and both without Success; but the Witlings, his Cotemporaries, took every Occasion of slandering our Author, for no other Reason, but that he went so far before them in Merit, they were sure never to overtake him: They seldom gave him any other Name but the *Bricklayer*, the *Lime*, the *Trowel*, the *Hod*, or *Mortar Poet*, and his Father-in-law's Calling was, on every Occasion, cast in his Teeth: But the following Dialogue is certainly in Praise of our Author, though the first Part of it may seem to the contrary.

A DIALOGUE between R. B. and T. D.

(Supposed to be DICK BROOM and TOM DECKER, upon BEN JONSON's being made Poet Laureat.)

T. D. ' Can a *Hod*, and a *Trowel*, and well-temper'd
' *Lime*,

' With *Bricks* tho' well made, climb up to sublime?

' Shall a Laurel adorn a Bricklayer's Brow?

R. B. ' Why a Consul of *Rome* has been call'd from the
' Plough.

T. D. ' Shall Births so ignoble thus build up their Fame,
' And from Brick-dust acquire such an eminent Name?

' So Sweepers of Chimnies the Laurel may wear,

' And the Name of a Poet may footily bear.

R. B. ' Thus Malice, and Scandal, will cowardly rave,

' And curiously snarl at the witty and brave:

' If the Man he call'd Father was a Bricklayer by Trade,

' He ne'er temper'd the Mortar of which he was made:

' A Gentleman gave him his Being, and Spirit,

' From generous Blood his Mind doth inherit.

' But thou a poor scurrilous prostitute Muse,

' That scatters thy Ink, like a Blacker of Shoes:

' Thy Sire was a Thief, and thy Mother a Whore!

' Deliver'd of thee, in a rank common Sewer!

' Immortal *Ben* sprung not from common Earth,

' The Sun his Sire, *Apollo* gave him Birth.'

OUR Author (seems) in his Discoveries to make a
right Use of these Calumniators, where he says;

' I am

‘ I AM beholden to *Calumny* that she has so endeavoured and taken Pains to bely me: It shall make me set a surer Guard on myself, and keep a better Watch upon my Actions.’

WE have little Account of our Author, till he brought his first Play on the Stage; where he was introduced by *Shakespear*, then in the full Meridian of his Fame, and, at that Time, one of the Managers of the Theatre *, and some Years before; for in the Year 1603, a Licence was granted, under the Privy-Seal, to him, join’d with four others †. *Ben*, as one unknown, a Man without Friends or Interest, apply’d to the Players with his first dramatic Piece, (supposed to be *Every Man in his Humour*); they, very carelessly, turn’d it over, and gave it him again, with a Speech that most Managers of Theatres have made much Use of since, *That it would not do*. But, fortunately for our Author, it came into *Shakespear*’s Hands, who, perusing it carefully, found so much Merit in the Play, that he brought it on the Stage, where it met with uncommon Success. After this, *Ben* wanted no Introduc-
tor to the theatrical Gentlemen, but all strove who should care for him most. *Every Man out of his Humour*, his second Play, was perform’d the following Year, 1599, and Queen *Elizabeth*, then in the 67th Year of her Age, honour’d our Author, with her royal Presence, at this Comedy ‡.

His third Play was *CYNTHIA’S REVELS, or the Fountain of Self-Love*, a comical Satyr, acted in 1600, dedicated to the special Fountain of Manners the Court, where he subscribes himself, thy SERVANT but not SLAVE.

C 3

IN

* *Wood.*

† *Preface to a Collection of old Plays by Doddsley.*

‡ *The Epilogue to Every Man out of his Humour ends thus, upon the Queen’s being present. The rest of it is blank Verse.*

‘ ——— Death himself admires her;

‘ And may her Virtues make him to forget

‘ The Use of his inevitable Hand.——

‘ Fly from her Age, sleep Time before her Throne;

‘ Our strongest Fence falls down when she is gone.’

IN this Comedy he has begun to lash his cotemporary Poets. But his next Play, the *Poetaster*, roused the whole Nest of Hornets, who buzz'd around, but never once fix'd their Stings in him, (as he himself terms it.)

THE Poets of his Time ever upbraided him for stealing from the Antients; and *Dryden* since; but our Author gloried in his Theft, as his chief Honour. His adopted Son, Dr. *Cartwright*, an excellent Poet, address'd the following Lines to our Author on that Occasion.

‘ **W**HAT tho’ thy searching Muse did rake the Dust
 ‘ Of Time, and purge old Metals from the Rust;
 ‘ Is it no Labour, no Art, think they, to
 ‘ Snatch Shipwrecks from the Deep, as Divers do?
 ‘ And rescue Jewels from the cov’tous Sand,
 ‘ Making the Seas bid Wealth adorn the Land?
 ‘ What, tho’ thy culling Muse did rob the Store
 ‘ Of *Greek* and *Latin* Gardens, to bring o’er
 ‘ Plants to thy native Soil, their Virtues were
 ‘ Improv’d far more, by being planted here:
 ‘ If thy *Still* to their Essence doth refine
 ‘ So many Drugs, is not the Spirit thine?
 ‘ Thefts, thus, become just Works, they, and their Grace,
 ‘ Are wholly thine. Thus, doth the Stamp and Face
 ‘ Make that the King’s, that’s ravish’d from the Mine;
 ‘ In others then ’tis Ore, in thee ’tis Coin.’

HIS fifth Play was *SEJANUS HIS FALL*, a Tragedy, acted, in the Year 1603, by the King’s Majesty’s Servants. This Play was highly esteem’d by the learn’d World: Yet the envious Tribe of Witlings, having no other Fault to find, exclaimed against him for stealing from the Antients.

BUT our Author, instead of concealing his Theft in this Play, openly avows it: For in his Quarto Edition, 1605, he hath printed his *Quotations* through the whole Piece. The Reason he gives may be found in Part of the Preface to that Edition as follows:

‘ THE next is, least in some nice Nostrils the *Quota-*
 ‘ *tion* might favour affected, I do let you know that I ab-
 ‘ hor nothing more, and have only done it to shew my
 ‘ Integrity in the *Story*; and save myself in this common
 ‘ Torturers,

‘ Torturers, that bring all Wit to the Rack: Whose
 ‘ Noses are ever like Swine, spoiling and rooting up the
 ‘ Muses Gardens; and their whole Bodies, like Moles,
 ‘ as blindly working under Earth, to cast any the least
 ‘ Hills upon Virtue. For the Story the Reader may con-
 ‘ sult *Tacitus’s Annals, lib. 3, 4, 5. Suetonius in the Life*
 ‘ *of Tiberius. Dion, &c.*’

THERE were no less than nine Copies of commendatory
 Verses printed before this Play; but some of such a tedious
 Length, and very little to recommend them, that we will
 not trouble the Reader but with one of the shortest.

To his worthy Friend BEN JONSON upon his SEJANUS.

‘ IF that this Book doth deign *Sejanus’* Name,
 ‘ Him unto more than *Cesar’s* Love it brings;
 ‘ For where he could not with ambitious Wings,
 ‘ One Quill doth heave him to the Height of Fame.
 ‘ Ye great ones though, whose Ends may be the same,
 ‘ Know that, however we do flatter Kings,
 ‘ Their Favours, like themselves, are fading things,
 ‘ With no less Envy had Man lost with Shame.
 ‘ Nor make yourselves less honest than you are,
 ‘ To make our Author wiser than he is;
 ‘ Nor of such Crimes accuse him, which, I dare
 ‘ By all the Muses swear, are none of his.
 ‘ The Men are not, some Fault may be these Times;
 ‘ He acts those Men, and they did act those Crimes.’

Hugh Holland.

THIS Play met with many Enemies, if we may judge
 by the Dedication, which, being short, we will take the
 Liberty to give the Readers.

To the less noble by Virtue than Blood,

ESME Lord AUBIGNE.

My Lord,

‘ IF ever any Ruin were so great as to surprize, I think
 ‘ this to be one. I send you *The Fall of SEJANUS*;
 ‘ it is a Poem that, if I well remember, in your Lord-
 ‘ ship’s Sight, suffer’d no less Violence from our People
 ‘ here,

' here, than the Subject of it did from the Rage of the
 ' People of *Rome*; but with a different Fate, as (I hope).
 ' Merit, for this, hath outlived their Malice, and got
 ' itself a greater Favour than he lost, the Love of good
 ' Men; amongst whom if I make your Lordship the
 ' first it thanks, it is not without a just Confession of the
 ' Bond your Benefits have, and ever shall hold, upon me,
 Your Lordship's most faithful Honourer,

BEN JONSON.

OUR inimitable *Shakespear* acted a Part in this Play, judged to be the last he perform'd; since his Name is not mentioned in any *Drama* after the Year 1603; for, at the End of that Year, or the Beginning of the next, 'tis supposed he took his Farewell of the Stage, both as Author and Actor.

OUR Author was two Years before he gave another dramatick Piece to the Publick: His *VOLPONE*, or the *Fox*, 1605, dedicated to the two famous Universities, whom he calls most equal Sisters, (as mentioned, p. 14.) This Play is written in Imitation of his favourite *Plautus*; and the Title *Volpone* is formed into an Acrostic, like some of those of *Plautus*, (which Manner in writing is supposed to be invented by *Priscian* the Grammarian,) and our Author calls it the Argument.

Volpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
 Offers his State to hopes of several Heirs;
 Lies languishing; his Parasite receives
 Presents of all, assures, deludes, then weaves
 Other cross Plots, which ope themselves, are told;
 New Tricks for Safety are sought, they thrive when bold.
 Each tempts the other again, and all are sold.

THIS Comedy, like pure Gold, was thrown in the Furnace of the Theatre, and came out refined, without losing a Particle of its Weight. The Mouths of the snarling Criticks were closed; they durst not even shew their Teeth, but, self-tormented, swelled within, and almost burst with Envy, which occasioned these four Lines, wrote by *Chapman*:

BEN. JONSON, *Esq;* 21

- ' THE Fox is grown too cunning for you all!
- ' Beware, ye Geese, he'll prey upon your Fall;
- ' All pluck out your Quills; and lace you in Leather,
- ' Or the Fox will not leave you a scribbling Feather.'

Dr. *Donne*, Dean of *St. Paul's*, sent him an excellent Latin Poem, which is printed in his Works.

THE following by *Fletcher*.

To my dear Friend BEN JONSON upon his Fox.

IF it may stand with Justice to allow
The swift Conversion of all Follies now,
Such is my Mercy, that I could admit
All Sorts shou'd equally approve the Wit
Of this thy even Work, whose growing Fame
Shall raise thee high, and bear with it thy Name.
And, did not Manners and my Love command
Me to forbear to make those understand,
Whom thou, perhaps, hast, in thy wiser Doom,
Long since firmly resolved shall never come
To know more than they do, I wou'd have shewn
To all the World the Art which thou alone
Hast taught our Tongue; the Rules of Time and Place;
And other Rites, deliver'd with the Grace
Of Comic Stile, which only is far more
Than any *English* Stage hath known before.
But since our subtle Gallants think it good
To like of nought that may be understood,
Lest they should be disprov'd, or have, at best,
Stomachs so raw that nothing can digest
But what's obscene, or barks, let us desire
They may continue simply to admire
Fine Cloaths, and strange Words, and may live in Age
To see themselves all brought upon the Stage,
And like it, whilst thy bold and knowing Muse
Contemns all Praise but such as thou wouldst chuse.

Fran. Beaumont.

His next Comedy was EPICOENE, or the SILENT WOMAN, first acted in the Year 1609.

THIS

THIS Play is certainly the true Standard of *Comedy*, says a learned Author.

The next Year was acted his *Comedy* called the *ALCHEMIST*. He gives the Argument of this Play, as he did his *Fox*, with an Acrostic Thought, more of Wit in those Times, than it is at present, no more than their *Anagram*.

The Sickness hot, a Master quits, for fear,
His House in Town, and left one Servant there:
Ease him corrupted, and gave Means to know
A Cheater, and his Punk; who now brought low,
Leaving their narrow Practice, were become
Cozeners at large; and only wanting some
House to set up, with him they here contract
Each for a Share, and all begin to act.
Much Company they draw, and much abuse
In casting Figures, telling Fortunes, News;
Selling of Flies, flat Bawd'ry, with the Stone;
Till it, and they, and all in Fume are gone!

THE first Letter of each Line will form the Name of
THE ALCHEMIST:

As the Argument of his *Fox* doth the Title of that Play.

DRYDEN, who did often fall foul of our Author, not only uncourteously, but falsely, gave publicly out, that *Ben* stole this Comedy from one called *Albumazar*, and, at the Revival of this Play, wrote a *Prologue* to prove it; Part of which we shall insert.

- ' To say this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
- ' Is not enough to make it please you now:
- ' Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had Wit;
- ' When few Men censur'd, and when fewer writ.
- ' And *Jonson* (of those few the best) chose this,
- ' As the best Model of his Masterpiece:
- ' *Subtle* was got by our *Albumazar*,
- ' That *Alchemist*, by this *Astrologer*;
- ' Here he was moulded; and we may suppose
- ' He lik'd the Fashion well, who wore the Cloaths.
- ' And *Ben* made nobly his, what he did mould;
- ' What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold.
- ' Like an unrighteous Conqueror he reigns,
- ' Yet rules that well which he unjustly gains.'

WE do not erect our Crests, as Critics; but give us leave to clear our Author, as well as we can, from this Stain upon his Memory, when his Bones were mingled into Dust.

THE *Alchemist* was first play'd in the Year 1610, and there is no Mention of this *Albumazar* 'till 1634, when it was first acted at *Cambridge*, by the Scholars of *Trinity-College*, for the Entertainment of King *Charles* the First; and as the Prologue is but short, we shall give it the Reader.

The original PROLOGUE to *Albumazar*, as it was spoke before his Majesty King *Charles* the First, in *Trinity-College, Cambridge*, 1634.

‘ THE Brightness of so great and fair a Presence,
 ‘ They say, strikes cold Amazement. But I feel
 ‘ Contrary Effects. For, from the gracious Center
 ‘ Of the honourable Assembly, some secret Power
 ‘ Inflames my Courage; and, methinks, I’m grown
 ‘ Taller, by the Virtue of this Audience:
 ‘ And yet thus rais’d, I fear there’s no retiring.
 ‘ Ladies, whose Beauties glad the whole Assembly;
 ‘ Upon your Favours I impose my Business.
 ‘ If it be a Fault to speak this foreign Language,
 ‘ (For *Latin* is our Mother Tongue) I must intreat you
 ‘ To frame Excuses for us; for whose sake
 ‘ We now speak *English*. All the rest, we hope,
 ‘ Come purposely to grace our poor Endeavours,
 ‘ As we to please. In which fair Courtesy
 ‘ We trust; not in our weak Ability.’

THERE is no great Matter in this Prologue; but had the Piece been of an elder Date, it wou’d have been certainly mentioned. The Language of *Albumazar* seems too pure, and refined, for long Antiquity; and we rather think, (though it must be confessed *Albumazar* to be an excellent Play) if there is any Difference, (though no more than a Jay is to a Parrot) *Ben Jonson’s Alchemist* was wrote many Years before the other, and the Traces may sooner be track’d to the *Amphitrio* of *Plautus* or *Shakespear’s Comedy of Errors*. Besides, we have such an
 implicit

implicit Faith in *Ben*, that if this Play were in Being in his Time he wou'd have confessed it, since he has used Contentions of that Kind as a Virtue in his own Works.

HIS next Piece was CATILINE his *Conspiracy*, a Tragedy, acted, in the Year 1611, by the King's Majesty's Servants.

THIS Play begins with the Ghost of *Sylla*, which has been merrily mentioned by several succeeding Dramatic Authors. He has also introduced the Chorus after the Manner of the Antients.

THERE were some Lines writ on this Play, that were taken for some Sort of Wit, as they were pointed.

- ' He begins with a Ghost — that's something uncivil ;
- ' But the next he declares shall begin with the Devil.
- ' His Chorus, a new-fashion'd, old-fashion'd Thing,
- ' With Devil (and Ghost) may fetch him the King.
- ' Our Ruler is learned, sagacious, and witty,
- ' And, 'tis said, he composes Things wonderful pretty ;
- ' *Sejanus* he saw, and swore it was fine,
- ' Then why not be Carr-ied to see *Catiline*.'

THERE is not either any great Wit or Humor in these Lines ; however we thought it proper to insert them, as they hint at those Times.

IT is conjectured, the next three Years our Author published Part of his Epigrams, dedicated to the great Example of Honour and Virtue, the most noble *William* Earl of *Pembroke*, Lord Chamberlain, &c. He calls them, in the Dedication, the ripest of his Studies.

THE next dramatic Piece our Author exhibited on the Stage, was, BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, a Comedy, acted in the Year 1614, dedicated to King *James*, by way of Prologue, when he honoured it with his royal Presence.

As the Prologue and Epilogue are short, and both addressed to *James*, we will insert them.

P R O L O G U E.

Y OUR Majesty is welcome to a Fair :
Such Place, such Men, such Language, and such
Ware

You

You must expect: With these, the zealous Noise
Of your Lands Faction, scandaliz'd at Toys;
As Babbies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-Plays,
And such-like Rage, whereof the petulant Ways
Yourself have known, and have been vext with long.

These, for your Sport, without particular Wrong,
Or just Complaint of any private Man,
(Who of himself or shall think well, or can)
The Maker doth present; and hopes, To-night,
To give you, for a Fairing, true Delight.

The EPILOGUE to BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

YOUR Majesty hath seen the Play, and you
Can best allow it from your Ear and View:
You know the Scope of Writers, and what Store
Of Leave is given them, if they take no more,
And turn it into Licence: You can tell
If we have used that Leave, you gave us, well:
Or whether we to Rage or Licence break,
Or be prophane, or make prophane Men speak;
This is your Power to judge, Great Sir! and not
The Envy of a few; which if we have got,
We value less what their Dislike can bring,
If we're so happy as to please the King.

THIS Play was first acted at the Play-house, call'd, the
Hope on the Bank Side, where our Author, at that Time,
dwelt, as we may learn by the following Speech in the
introductory Prologue.

(*Scrivener reads.*) 'Articles of Agreement indented
' between the Spectators, or Hearers, at the *Hope* on the
' Bank Side in the County of *Surrey*, on the one Party,
' and the Author of *Bartholomew Fair*, in the said Place
' and County, on the other Party; the one and thirtieth
' Day of *October*, 1614, and in the twelfth Year of the
' Reign of our Sovereign Lord, *James*, by the Grace of
' God, King of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, and De-
' fender of the Faith, and of *Scotland* the seven and
' fortieth.'

THIS Comedy had prodigious Success, and, as *Ben*
himself, in a Letter to a Friend, says, 'so unmerited,
D that

‘ that, for the Time to come, he would feed the Swine
 ‘ with the Husks, or Chaff of Wit, since the good
 ‘ Grain they had no Relish for.’

IT is certain *Ben* lived several Years on the *Surrey* Side of the *Thames*, and, often crossing the Water, he got acquainted with *Taylor* the *Water Poet*, so called from his Employment (a Water-man.) The first Time, it is said, *Taylor* got him in his Boat, he addressed him thus *extempore*.

TAYLOR.

‘ I am told, by my Boy, thou art *Jonson* the Poet;
 ‘ If true, an *Epigram*, quickly, to shew it:
 ‘ I tell thee I’m *Taylor* that plies near the Strand,
 ‘ A Poet by *Water*, as thou art by *Land*.

BEN’s ANSWER, without Hesitation.

‘ A Poet by *Water* can never be fired;
 ‘ By the Juice of the Grape the Muse is inspired:
 ‘ Yet thy aiming at Wit deserveth some Praise;
 ‘ But *Water* ne’er nourish’d the Laurel or *Bays*.’

Slips from Parnassus.

HIS next Comedy was, *THE DEVIL IS AN ASS*, acted in the Year 1616 by his Majesty’s Servants.

MRS. Centlivre, in her Comedy of the *Busy-Body*, has taken the Scene between Sir *George Airy*, Sir *Francis Gripe*, and *Miranda* (where Sir *George* gives *Gripe* a Sum of Money to talk with *Miranda*) intirely from this Comedy; and, indeed, most of the Plot between Sir *George* and *Miranda* is built on the same Foundation. *Jonson* has taken a Hint from *Machiavel*’s *Belphegor* in this Comedy.

A *TALE OF A TUB*, a Comedy of much Mirth and Humour; but we cannot learn where it was acted, or when; the Title only tells us it was composed by *Ben. Jonson*, without any Date. The Characters are low, but humorous and well drawn.

IN the latter Years of his Life, he employed his Time, as he says himself, in Works of a more serious Matter than Plays, *viz.* the Remainder of his Epigrams, Under-woods,

woods, Discoveries, Translations, &c. for we do not find any dramatic Piece till

THE STAPLE OF NEWS, a Comedy, acted in the Year 1625, by his Majesty's Servants. This Play was so well liked by the King, that it was played at Court, and, very probably, the last King *James* saw, for he died the 27th of *March* that Year.

THE NEW INN, or the LIGHT HEART, a Comedy. As it was never acted, but most negligently played, by some of the King's Servants; and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others, the King's Subjects. Now, at last, set at Liberty to the Readers, his Majesty's Servants and Subjects, 1631.

THIS is the last Play ranged in the Author's Works of every Edition yet extant, for his Comedy of the *magnetic Lady* mentions this Play as being acted before.

' O! you have read the Play, there, the new Inn of *Jonson's*, that decries all other Valour, but what is for the Publick.'

Diaphonous Answer to *Ironsides*, Act III. Scene V. of the *magnetic Lady*.

THIS Play of *Ben. Jonson's*, the *new Inn*, was not generally approved. Even the good-natured Sir *John Suckling* had a Fling at him in his Session of the Poets.

' THE first that broke Silence was good old *Ben*,
' Prepared before with Canary Wine;
' And he told them plainly that he deserv'd the Bays,
' For his were call'd Works, where others were but Plays;
' And bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
' Of Errors, that had lasted many an Age:
' And he hop'd they did not think the *Silent Woman*,
' The *Fox*, and th' *Alchemist* outdone by no Man.
' *APOLLO* stopt him there, and bid him not go on,
' 'Twas Merit, he said, and not Presumption
' Must carry't; at which *Ben* turn'd about,
' And, in great Choler, offer'd to go out:
' But those that were there thought it not fit
' To discontent so ancient a Wit;

- ' And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back again,
- ' And made him mine Host of his own *New Inn*.

MAGNETIC LADY, or *Humours reconciled*, a Comedy, acted at the *Black-Fryars*. This Play is generally esteem'd excellent; though, in those Days, it found some Enemies, amongst which Dr. *Gill*, Master of *Paul's School*, writ a Satyr against it; Part of which (the whole being too long) we shall insert here, with our Author's Answer.

- ' But to advise thee, *Ben*, in this strict Age,
- ' A Brick-kiln's better for thee than a Stage.
- ' Thou better know'st a Groundsil for to lay,
- ' Than lay the Plot, or Ground-work of a Play,
- ' And better canst direct to cap a Chimney,
- ' Than to converse with *Clio*, or *Polyhinny*.
- ' Fall then to work in thy old Age again,
- ' Take up thy Trug and Frowel, gentle *Ben*,
- ' Let Plays alone; or if thou needs will write,
- ' And thrust thy feeble Muse into the Light,
- ' Let *Lowen* * cease, and *Taylor* scorn to touch
- ' The loathed Stage, for thou hast made it such.

His Answer.

- ' SHALL the Prosperity of a Pardon still
- ' Secure thy railing Rhymes, infamous *Gill*,
- ' At libelling? Shall no Star-chamber Peers,
- ' Pillory, nor Whip, nor Want of Ears,
- ' All which thou hast incurr'd deservedly,
- ' Nor Degradation from the Ministry,
- ' To be the Denis of thy Father's School?
- ' Keep in thy bawling Wit, thou bawling Fool!
- ' Thinking to stir me, thou hast lost thy End;
- ' I'll laugh at thee, poor wretched Tike, go send
- ' Thy blotant Muse abroad, and teach it rather
- ' A Tune to drown the Ballads of thy Father;
- ' For thou hast got him nought to cure his Fame,
- ' But Tune and Noise, the Echo of his Shame.

' A Rogue

* *Lowen and Taylor, two excellent Actors at that Time.*

‘ A Rogue by Statute, censur’d to be whipt,
‘ Cropt, branded, slit, neck-stockt; go, you are stript.

WE may make some Judgment of the Keennels of his Satyr, from a Letter wrote by *James Howell*, *Esq;* Clerk to the Privy-council of King *Charles I.* and one of our Author’s adopted Sons.

To Mr. B. JONSON.

‘ *Father BEN,*

‘ **T**HE Fangs of a Bear, and the Tusks of a wild
‘ Boar, do not bite worse, and make deeper
‘ Gashes, than a Goose-quill sometimes; no, not the
‘ Badger himself, who is said to be so tenacious of his
‘ Bite, that he will not give over his Hold, ’till he feels
‘ his Teeth meet, and the Bone crack. Your Quill hath
‘ proved so to Mr. *I— Jones*; but the Pen wherewith
‘ you have so gashed him, it seems, was made rather of
‘ a Porcupine than a Goose-quill, it is so keēn and firm.
‘ You know

Anser, Apis, Vitulus populos & regna gubernant.

‘ The Goose, the Bee, and the Calf (meaning Wax,
‘ Parchment, and the Pen) rule the World: But, of the
‘ three, the Pen is most predominant; I know you have
‘ a commanding one, but you must not let it tyrannize in
‘ that Manner, as you have done lately. Some give out
‘ there was a Hair in it, or that your Ink was too
‘ thick with Gall, else it could not have so bespatter’d
‘ and shaken the Reputation of a royal Architect; for Re-
‘ putation, you know, is like a fair Structure, long in
‘ rearing, but quickly ruined. If your Spirit will not let
‘ you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more
‘ Copies of the Satyr; for, to deal plainly with you, you
‘ have lost some Ground at Court by it, and, as I hear
‘ from a good Hand, the King, who hath so great a
‘ Judgment in Poetry, (as in all other Things else) is not
‘ well pleased therewith. Dispense with this Freedom of

‘ *Your respected Son,*

Westminster, July
the 3^d, 1635.

‘ *And Servitor,*

‘ *JAMES HOWELL.*’

THIS Satyr is not to be found in his Works, but we are sure it was against *Inigo Jones*; his Name in *Howell's* Letter, where he calls him the *royal Architect*, fully explains it. *Ben* and *Inigo* were jointly concerned in forming several of the Court Masques, which we may reasonably suppose might be the Foundation of this mentioned Satire; for certainly *Ben* grew more ill-natured as he sunk in Years, a common Weakness in declining Age.

BEN seemed immoderately chagrined at the Treatment of his *magnetic Lady*, and therefore he published the following Ode, addressed to himself.

COME, leave the loathed Stage,
And the more loathsome Age,
Where Pride and Impudence, in Fashion knit,
Usurp the Chair of Wit!
Inditing and arraigning every Day
Something they call a Play.
Let their fastidious vain
Commission of the Brain
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.
Say that thou pour'st them Wheat,
And they will Acorns eat:
'Twere simple Fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no Taste!
To offer them a Surfeit of pure Bread,
Whose Appetites are dead!
No, give them Grains their Fill,
Husks, Draff, to drink and swill:
If they love Lees, and leave the lusty Wine,
Envy them not their Palate with the Swine.
No doubtful mouldy Tale,
Like *Pericles* *: and stale
As the Shrieve's Crusts, and nasty as his Fish-
Scraps, out of every Dish
Thrown forth, and rak'd into the common Tub,
May keep up the Play Club:
There Sweepings do as well
As the best order'd Meal.

For,

* A Play wrote by Shakespear.

For, who the Relish of these Guests will fit,
 Needs set them but the Alms-basket of Wit.
 And much Good do't you then :
 Brave Plush and Velvet Men
 Can feed on Orts ; and safe in your Stage Cloaths
 Dare quit upon your Oaths
 The Stagers, and the Stage-wrights too your Peers
 Of larding your large Ears
 With their foul comic Locks,
 Wrought upon twenty Blocks ;
 Which, if they're torn, and turn'd, and patcht enough,
 The Gamesters share your Guilt, and you their Stuff.
 Leave Things so prostitute,
 And take the *Alcæick* Lute,
 Or thy own *Horace*, or *Anacreon's* Lyre,
 Warm thee by *Pindar's* Fire ;
 And tho' thy Nerves be shrunk, and Blood be cold,
 Ere Years have made thee old,
 Strike that disdainful Heat
 Throughout to their Defeat ;
 As curious Fools, and, envious of thy Strain,
 May, blushing, swear no Pasty's in thy Brain.

ODE in Answer to the foregoing,

By T. RANDOLPH.

BEN, do not leave the Stage
 'Cause 'tis a loathsome Age ;
 For Pride and Impudence will grow too bold,
 When they shall hear it told
 They frighted thee ; stand high as is thy Cause !
 Their Hiss is thy Applause :
 More just were thy Disdain,
 Had they approved thy Vein,
 So thou for them, and they for thee were born,
 They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.
 Wilt thou engross thy Store
 Of Wheat, and Pow'r no more,
 Because their Bacon-brains have such a Taste
 As more delights in Mast ?
 No ! Set them forth a Board of Dainties, full
 As thy best Muse can cull ;

While

While they the while do pine
 And thirst 'midst all their Wine.
 What greater Plague can Hell itself devise,
 Than to be willing thus to tantalize?
 Thou canst not find them Stuff
 That will be coarse enough
 To please their Pallats: let them then refuse
 For some Pye-corner's Muse;
 She is too fair an hostess! 'twere a Sin
 For them to like thine INN;
 'Twas made to entertain
 Guests of a nobler Strain:
 Yet, if they will have any of thy Store,
 Give them some Scraps, and send them from thy Door:
 And let those Things in Plush,
 'Till they be taught to blush,
 Like what they will, and more contented be
 With what *Brome* swept from thee.
 I know thy Worth, and that thy lofty Strains
 Write not to Cloaths, but Brains:
 But thy great Spleen doth rise,
 'Cause Moles will have no Eyes;
 This only in my *Ben* I faulty find:
 He's angry they'll not see him that are blind!
 Why shou'd the Scene be mute,
 'Cause thou can'st touch the Lute,
 And string thy *Horace*; let each Muse of nine
 Claim thee, and say thou art mine.
 'Twere fond to let all other Flames expire
 To sit by *Pindar's* Fire;
 For, by so strange Neglect,
 I shou'd myself suspect
 The Palsie were as well thy Brains Disease,
 If they cou'd shake thy Muse which Way they please.
 And tho' thou well canst sing
 The Glories of thy King,
 And on the Wings of Verse his Chariot bear
 To Heav'n, and fix it there,
 Yet let thy Muse as welcome Raptures raise
 To please him as to praise.

I wou'd

I wou'd not have chuse
 Only a Treble Mufe *;
 But have this envious ignorant Age to know,
 Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

THE ingenious Mr. *Feltham*, mentioned before, attacked our Author upon his Ode, which may be seen at Length among his poetical Pieces.

Page 17 of his *Lusorio*, in *Folio*, London 1677.

THESE two last Pieces were left unfinished.

I. THE SAD SHEPHERD, or a Tale of *Robin Hood*.

THIS is a *Pastoral*, intended of three Acts, but not finished. It ends at the fifth Scene of the third Act; but, doubtless, the Author finished it, though, by some Accident, it might be lost; for the Prologue is printed before it, as if acted; and by it we may judge this Piece was one of his last by the following Lines.

He that hath feasted you these forty Years,
 And fitted *Tables* for your finer Years,
 Altho' at first he scarce cou'd hit the Bore,
 Yet you, with Patience hark'ning more and more,
 At length, have grown up to him, and made known
 The working of his Pen is now your own.

II. MORTIMER'S Fall, a Tragedy.

THERE is but Part of a short Scene of the first Act, between *Mortimer* and *Queen Isabel*, wrote: But he has given us the Arguments of every Act, with the Plan of his Chorus, after the Manner of the Antients, and his Persons of the Drama compleat.

THERE is another intire Play, written by *Ben Jonson*, mentioned in all the Accounts of the Poets, but it is not collected in any Edition of our Author's Works, called,

THE CASE IS ALTERED, acted in the Year 1609; but, in all our Researches, we could never meet with it. *Largbain* informs us it was acted at the *Black Fryars*, and built upon the Foundation of *Plautus*.

THE

* Alluding to his joining with *Fletcher*, *Chapman*, and *Marston* in the following two Comedies.

THE WIDOW, a Comedy. In this Play he joined with *Fletcher* and *Middleton*. This Play, though acted in 1618, was not printed till 1652, and first published by Mr. *Alexander Gough*, one of the Comedians, who has given a Preface to it.

He joined with *Chapman* and *Marston* in a Comedy, called, *Eastward Hoe!* acted in the Year 1605.

* THIS Play greatly offended the Court of King *James*, wherein they were accused of having reflected on the *Scotch*, their Sovereign's native Country, and from whence he was but just come. Sir *James Murray* represented it to the King, who ordered them to be imprisoned, and they were in great Danger of losing their Ears and Noses, as a Punishment of their Insolence. Upon their Release from Prison, *Ben* gave an Entertainment to his Friends, among whom were *Cambden* and *Selden*, when his aged Mother drank to him, and shewed him a Paper of Poison, which she had designed, if the Sentence had been executed, to have mixed with his Drink, after she had first taken a Potion of it herself. Although *Jonson* had large Presents from many of the Nobility, &c. yet he seemed ever in Want of Money, which seem to verify the Proverb,

POETS are fated to be poor.

AN excellent Author gives this Reason for it. 'There is a Largeness in their Souls beyond the Narrowness of other Men, and why may we not then think that they embrace more both of Heaven and the Divinity? I cannot but conjecture this to be the Reason, that the most of them, are poor: They find their Minds so solaced with their own Flights, that they neglect the Study of growing rich.' FELTHAM'S *Resolves*.

It is not very material when we let our Readers know, that *Jonson* wrote his Name without an *H*; however, to prove it, we will insert a Copy of Verses, printed, from his own Writing, in the Year 1616, and not to be met with in his Works.

To

To my truly beloved Friend, Mr. BROWNE,

On his PASTORALS.

SOME Men, of Books or Friends, not speaking right,
May hurt them more with Praise, than Foes with
Spight:

But I have seen thy Works, and I know thee;
And, if thou list thyself, what thou canst be;
For, though but early in these Paths thou tread,
I find thee write most worthy to be read.
It must be thine own Judgment yet, that sends
This thy Work forth; that Judgment mine commends.
And, where the most read Books on Authors Fames,
Or, like our Money-brokers, take up Names
On Credit, and are cozen'd, see that thou,
By offering not more Sureties than inow,
Hold thine own Worth unbroke; which is so good
Upon the Exchange of Letters, as I wou'd
More of our Writers wou'd like thee, not swell
With the *how much* they set forth, but the *how well*.

Ben. Jonson.

HIS great Friend *Selden*, Dr. *Donne* Dean of *St. Paul's*,
Barton Holliday, Mr. *Zouch Townly*, Sir *Edward Herbert*,
Ambassador to the *French Court*, Dr. *Lodge*, &c. most
of his Plays, (the first Edition) all the commendatory
Poems subjoined to his *Horace*, printed 1640, and all his
cotemporary Authors write his Name BEN. JONSON.
What gives us sufficient Satisfaction in his Christian Name,
BEN. is from his own Poem, in his *Underwoods*, to one
that asked to be sealed of the Tribe of BEN. But let his
Name be what or how spelt, will neither add or diminish
the Excellency of his Writings, which will verify the Line
of the Poet,

' True Wit is everlasting like the Sun.' *Buckingham.*

THE Account of the Masques are as follows:

OUR Author joined with *Middleton* in an Entertainment
for the Coronation of King *James I.* 1602.

THIS Entertainment was monstrously expensive; for the
new King coming from *Scotland*, the People, fond of
Shew and Change, forgot their long-loved Reign of the
best

best of Queens, and treated him every where with the utmost Magnificence, and such vociferous Acclamations, that the poor King was in Danger of being deafened by their Noise, which an honest *Scotchman* observing, said to an *Englishman* next him in the Cavalcade, *By my Saul, Mon, these People will spoil a gud King *; for they will bodder his Luggs that he canno hear Justice.* Sir James Murray had the Care of the King's Entertainment, in the Theatric Way, from *Edinburgh* till he came on the *English* Borders, where *Middleton* was employ'd; but we have no Account of the Subjects they consisted of. Our Author began his Affair at *Fenchurch*, through *London* to *Whitehall*, and every Gate and every Street, shewed the Poet's and the Painter's Art.

‘ + THIS King was a very great Dissembler, among
 ‘ many other Weaknesses and Vices; for, although he
 ‘ flatter'd Queen *Elizabeth* in the latter Years of her
 ‘ Reign, he own'd, after her Death, it was merely out
 ‘ of Policy he dissembled with her during her Life.
 ‘ The most evident Mark he gave of his Aversion to her
 ‘ Memory, was, that he went not into Mourning him-
 ‘ self, nor would he suffer any Person to come near his Pre-
 ‘ sence in a Mourning Habit; which occasioned this Pasquil,
 ‘ (as they called those satyrical Pieces, in those Days)
 ‘ to be set on the Door of *St. Paul's* †.

‘ THOU art no Courtier, envelop'd in Black,
 ‘ None go to *Whitehall* with Clouds on their Back:
 ‘ 'Tis all Sunshine there, the Fashion is Red.’

Answer.

‘ I mourn for the Living, and not for the Dead.
 ‘ These starved northern Blades themselves will enrich;
 ‘ For they bring nothing with them unless 'tis the Itch.’

II. A MASQUE. A particular Entertainment (so the Title bears) of the Queen and Prince at *Althrope*, at the Right

* *History of England.*

† *Wilson and Rapin's Life of James I.*

‡ *Pasquil, 1602.*

BEN. JONSON, *Esq.* 37

Right Honourable the Lord *Spencer's*, on *Saturday*, being the 25th of *June*, 1603, as they came first in the Kingdom. In this *Masque*, the Speech from *No Body* has been the Foundation of several of the same Kind erected since.

III. A PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT of the *King* and *Queen*, on *May-Day* in the Morning, at Sir *William Cornwallis's* House at *High-gate*, 1604.

IV. The *QUEEN'S MASQUE*, (the first of Blackness) personated at the Court at *Whitehall*, on the Twelfth Night, 1605. It was called the *Queen's Masque*, because her Majesty, and the Ladies of the Court, were the Performers.

'Tis certain *James* was a great Admirer of Music; and 'tis supposed our Author was much disgusted at his Taste; for he seem'd more to be pleas'd with the Singing, Show, Habits, and Machinery, than the Poetry; and 'tis supposed *Ben* was Author of a short Poem called the *Scots Piper*, a Dialogue between *Tom* and *Dick*, wherein are these Lines:

Dick. ' Doth the Loon then love Musick ?

Tom. ' Ay, so People say.

Dick. ' It is not a Wonder, his Father cou'd play :

' His Dam was bestraught with his Stick, and his Fiddle;

' And wou'd always be playing at *Lantra down diddle* *.

V. THE ENTERTAINMENT of the Two Kings of *Great-Britain* and *Denmark* †, at *Theobald*, July 24, 1606.

VI. THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY was presented in the Court at *Whitehall*, on the SUNDAY Night after the Twelfth Night, 1608. Above fifty of the chief Nobility were Performers in it.

E

' THIS

* *The Burthen of a Song then in vogue.*

† Christian IV. King of Denmark. King James marry'd his Sister, *Princess Ann* of Denmark, by Proxy, at *Gronin-bourgh*, in that Kingdom, when she was but sixteen.

‘ THIS *Masque* (says an Author of those Times) gave, to the sober People, a just Abhorrence to their weak-minded Monarch;’ and a Couplet, at that Time, gave the Court great Chagrin.

Will the King leave all his Priests in the Lurch?

No! no! he resolves they shall act in the Church.

VII. AN ENTERTAINMENT OF KING *JAMES* AND QUEEN *ANN* at *Theobaldæ*, when the House was deliver’d up, with the Possession, to the Queen, by the Earl of *Salisbury*, the 22d of *May*, 1607, the Prince *Janvile*, Brother to the Duke of *Guise* being then present, with the Duke of *Lorrain*, and a great Concourse of Nobility.

VIII. THE Description of the MASQUE, with the Nuptial Song at the Lord Viscount *Haddington*’s Marriage at Court, on the *Shrove-Tuesday* at Night, 1608.

THE Habits of this *Masque* were most costly; but it was the Custom, at the Beginning of this King’s Reign, to have Poets employ their Art, that even the Citizens of *London* were not without them; and there were many Companies of Players, at that Time, hired upon these Occasions.

THE chief Performers in this *Masque* were, most of them, native *Scots*; ‘ and, indeed, (says an Author) if Beggars came from *Scotland*, they were sure to be received, and the *English* despised; which occasioned the following Lines upon the Revels at the Court, who, generally, were no otherways employ’d:

Dick. ‘ FAIN wou’d I see this Revel Rout.

Tom. ‘ The *Scots* doth keep the *English* out,
‘ And trust me, *Dick*, if thou wert there,
‘ Thou’lt want a good Interpreter:
‘ There’s some, indeed, thou’lt understand,
‘ The few were born in old *England*,
‘ And never us’d, but just for Need;
‘ For they hate all on this Side *Tweed*.’

WE may learn how the *Scots* were looked upon in *England*, by the following Lines.

How!

How! Providence! and yet a *Scottish* Crew!
 Then Madam Nature wears black Patches too!
 What! shall our Nation be in Bondage thus
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?
 A Land, where one may pray with curst Intent:
 O! may they never suffer Banishment!
 Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his Doom,
 Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
 A *Scot*, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
 Dropt into *Styx*, and turns a *Soland* Goose.

John Clevecland

IX. THE MASQUE OF QUEENS, celebrated, at the House of *Fame*, by the Queen of *Great-Britain*, with her Ladies, at *Whitehall*, February the 2d, 1609.

THIS was the third *Masque* our Author set forth (as we may gather by his Preface) by the Queen's Command.

' IT encreasing, now, the third Time of my being
 ' used in these Services to her Majesty's personal Present-
 ' tation with the Ladies whom she pleaseth to honour, it
 ' was my first and special Regard, to see that the Nobility
 ' of true Invention, should be answerable to the Dignity
 ' of their Persons.'

X. THE MASQUE OF PRINCE HENRY'S BARRIERS, 1610.

XI. OBERON, THE FAIRY PRINCE, a *Masque* of Prince *Henry's*, 1611.

WE will venture to put down this Prince's Character, as we find it in *Rapin* and other Authors.

' HE was one of the most accomplish'd Princes that
 ' ever was, not in *England* only, but in all *Europe*. He
 ' was sober, chaste, temperate, religious, full of Honour
 ' and Probity; he was never heard to swear an Oath,
 ' though the Example of the King, his Father, and of the
 ' whole Court, was but too capable of corrupting him in
 ' that Respect; he took great Delight in the Conversation
 ' of Men of Honour, and those that were not accounted
 ' such were looked upon with a very evil Eye at his

• Court. This Prince was allotted, by the State, his
 • Court to himself at *St. James's*, his Father remain'd at
 • *Whitehall*, and the Queen, his Mother, at *Sommerset-*
 • *House*; so that, at that Time, there were three royal
 • Courts in the Capital, to the great Expence of the
 • Nation.

• He had, naturally, a Greatness of Mind, lovely
 • in his Person, noble and generous Thoughts, and was
 • as much displeased with Trifles as his Father was
 • fond of them; the Love of the whole Kingdom to
 • this amiable Prince begot a Jealousy in this weak-
 • minded King.

• THIS sweet Prince, the Joy and Hopes of the
 • Nation, after a short Indisposition, left this World for a
 • better, not without the Suspicion of being poisoned,
 • which put the whole Nation in a Ferment at such a ge-
 • neral Loss. Thus died the Hope of *England*, on the
 • 6th of *November*, 1612, being eighteen Years, eight
 • Months, and seventeen Days old. The Clamours were
 • so great about the Suspicion of poisoning, that, at a
 • Consultation of Physicians belonging to the Court, his
 • Body was opened, and they made their Report, that
 • his Liver was wan, and paler than ordinary; his Gall
 • without Choler, and distended with Wind; his Spleen
 • unnaturally black; his Lungs spotted with much Cor-
 • ruption; the Diaphragma blackish; the Head full of
 • Blood in some Places, and others of Water, as if no
 • Poison could produce such Effects.

THIS hopeful Prince used to say, none, but such a
 King as his Father, would keep such a Bird in a Cage as
Raleigh.

THERE were innumerable Poems on the Death of this
 much lamented Prince; but we shall only give the Reader
 the following one by our Author, not printed in his Works.

READER, Wonder think it none
 Tho' I speak, and am a Stone:
 Here is shrin'd celestial Dust,
 And I keep it but in Trust.

Should

Should I not my Treasure tell?
 Wonder then you might as well
 How this Stone could choose but break,
 If it had not learn'd to speak.
 Hence, amaz'd! and ask not me
 Whose these sacred Althes be?
 Purposely it is conceal'd:
 For, if that should be reveal'd,
 All that read would, by and by,
 Melt themselves to Tears, and die:
 Within this Marble Casket lies
 A matchless Jewel of rich Prize,
 Whom Nature, in the World's Disdain,
 But shew'd, and then put up again.

XII. HYMENÆI, or the Solemnities of *Masque* and *Barriers*, at a Marriage.

WHATEVER Reason our Author had for not being more particular in the Title of this *Masque*, neither when, or for whom, or on what Occasion it was performed, we cannot conceive: But we have, with some little Search, found out it was ordered by the Court; for the Celebration of the Nuptials between the *Palsgrave* (afterwards King of *Bohemia*) and the Princess *Elizabeth*, eldest Daughter to *James I.*

THIS *Masque*, by the Description, was very magnificent; and the Reader may find the Expence of the Contingencies, which were only the *Scenes* and *Machines*, in the Account of the Cost of that Princess's Nuptials, which we have taken out of the *Annals of King James*.

PRINCE *Henry*, the Darling of the People, was sent to his Grave *December* the 7th; and this *Marriage* and *Masque* were performed on the 14th of *February* following; and, an Author tells us, 'The Marriage would have been solemnized a Month sooner, had the Preparations been ready. This Princess was greatly esteemed by the People, and resembled much her dead Brother. These four Lines were placed on the outward Gate of *White-hall* a few Days after the Nuptials.

' THE best go first, 'tis often said,

' As! our best, we know, is dead!

- But *James*, to cure his k—g—ly Evil,
- The second best gives to the D—l.

An Account of the Expences of the Princess *Elizabeth's*
Marriage, with her Dowry *.

	<i>l.</i>
For the <i>Palsgrave's</i> Diet at his Standing House	6000
For his Diet at the Instalment of the Garter	4000
For his Diet at his Marriage	2000
For Lodging for his Servants	830
To the Wardrobe for the Apparel of Princess <i>Elizabeth</i>	6252
For furnishing her Chamber	3023
Apparel and Necessaries for her to my Lord <i>Stan-</i>	} 1829
<i>nington</i> - - - - -	
Jewels and Apparel for her Servants	3914
To divers Merchants for Silks, &c.	995
The LORDS MASQUE AT HER MARRIAGE	400
For the naval Fight of Fire-works on the <i>Thames</i>	4800
More Fire-works on the <i>Thames</i>	2880
To Sir <i>Edward Cecil</i> for her Journey to <i>Heidle-</i>	} 2000
<i>burgh</i> , and for her Purse - - -	
For settling her Jointure, and Charges to some of	} 5555
the Gentry to go thither, and to take the Assu-	
rance for her Transport to <i>Flushing</i> - - -	
Paid over to the <i>Palsgrave's</i> Agent for her Por-	} 40000
tion - - - - -	
Total 84478	

A Ballad of those Days, call'd, *a Touch of the Times*,
hath these four Lines :

- To pay for a Thing, when it's found must be lost,
- Attended with a Hundred Thousand Pound Cost.
- If there are more such Bargains to render,
- The Nations will pray for their learned Defender.

XIII. LOVE FREED FROM IGNORANCE AND FOLLY,
a Masque of her Majesty's.

XIV. LOVE

* Annals of *James, Wilson, Coke, Osborne, &c.*

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XIV. LOVE RESTORED in a Masque at Court, perform'd by Gentlemen, the King's Servants.

XV. A CHALLENGE AT TILT, at a Marriage. This Entertainment is intirely Prose.

XVI. THE *IRISH MASQUE* at Court, performed by Gentlemen, the King's Servants. This was called the *Irish Masque*, because the Performers spoke mostly in the *Irish Brogue*, as it is called.

XVII. MERCURY VINDICATED, from the *ALCHEMIST* at Court; perform'd by Gentlemen, the King's Servants.

THESE last five Masques are without Date; but, certainly were set forth in the Years 1613 and 1614.

XVIII. THE *GOLDEN AGE RESTORED*, in a *Masque* at Court, 1615, by the Lords and Gentlemen, the King's Servants.

IN this *Masque*, it was reported, that *Villars*, the King's new Favourite, danced so finely, that the King applauded him publickly, and in Raptures cry'd out, *Now, by my Saul! Mon,* (his usual Oath) *thou hast done full weell!*

THE next Day the King gave him 1000*l.* and would have given him 5000*l.* but his Coffers were too poor. There were many *Pasquils* on the Occasion; I shall mention only one.

‘ THE Way to succeed in a Suit at the Court,
‘ Is to open your Purse and pay Money for't:
‘ Or cou'd you but *dance*, or *sing* in a Chorus,
‘ Apply, in good Time, to *Nero's* new *Sporus*.’

XIX. CHRISTMAS, his *Masque*, as it was presented at Court, 1616.

XX. A *MASQUE*, presented in the House of the Lord *Hay* by divers of noble Quality, his Friends, for the Entertainment of Monsieur *Le Baron de Tour*, extraordinary Embassador from the *French King*, on *Saturday, February* the 22d, 1617.

It was in this Year this pious King publish'd his Book of Sports, and sent it to every Diocese, that the *Bishops* shou'd cause it to be read in the Churches; but several of the dignify'd Clergy refused the Order, particularly, *Abbot*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*. The following *Pasquil* was placed on *Westminster-Abby* the succeeding Sunday.

' How happy the People are all at this Day!
' Go pray for the King, and hey! Boys, to play:
' Sure such a brave Prince no Nation can brag on,
' Then a F—t, my good Lads, for *Bell* and the
' *Dragon*.'

XXI. THE VISION OF DELIGHT, a *Masque*, presented at Court in *Christmas*, 1617.

XXII. PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE, a *Masque*, as it was presented at Court before King *James*, 1619.

XXIII. FOR THE HONOUR OF *WALES*, a *Masque*, as it was presented at Court St. *David's Day*, 1619.

SAMUEL DANIEL, the *Laureat*, died this Year, and the Wreath was deservedly given to our Author. And since we have now a progressive Account of the *Laureats* for near an hundred and sixty Years, an anonymous Author has put into Verse, we hope it will not be thought improper to place it here.

D I E D,

1598. ' *SPENCER*, the Prince of Poets, wore the
Bays,

' And *DANIEL* follow'd in *ELIZA*'s Days.

1619. ' THEN honour'd *BEN* began his awful Rules,

' Replete with Learning from the *Latian* Schools:

' He mended *Plautus*, and like *Terence* writ,

' With *Roman* Judgment, but with *British* Wit:

' Like *Rome's* lov'd *HORACE*, great in ev'ry

' Part,

' He reins his *Pegasus* with manly Art;

' His Satyr tickles, though you feel its Smart.

1637. ' NEXT *DAVENANT* honour'd by the royal
 ' Sword,
 ' Too vainly proud of *Madagascar's* Lord!
1688. ' After a clouded Reign of thirty Years,
 ' *DRYDEN*, enliven'd by the Nine, appears;
1692. ' 'Till *Rome* misled him thro' her guileful Maze,
 ' Then hasty *SHADWELL* snatch'd th' unfading
 ' Bayes.
1700. ' Succeeding *TATE* revolving Time brings on;
 ' But *Phœbus* never own'd him for a Son.
1716. ' *EUSDEN*, a Churchman, then assum'd the
 ' Crown,
 ' And wore the Laurel with his sable Gown.
1724. ' Then sweetly soft, *ROWE* touch'd *Apollo's* }
 ' Lyre, }
 ' He knew the Strings to set the Soul on Fire,
 ' And warm the frozen Virgin with Desire.
 ' But now the *last*, the Monarch *CIBBER* wears
 ' The Laurel Wreath with reverential Years.
 ' No Thunder e'er will blast the sacred Tree;
 ' But add more Summers Suns to his Longævity.'

Note, At the Death of Shadwell, Dryden turning Protestant again, he wore the Laurel till his Death, 1700.

We know that *Skelton* was Poet Laureat to *Henry VIII.* but who wore the Crown between him and *Spencer* we cannot learn; yet, perhaps, it may not displease the Reader if we give him a Taste of the Latin of *Skelton*, in an Epistle to a Friend.

- ' **S**ALVE plus decies quam sunt momenta dierum,
 ' Quot species generum, quot res, quot nomina
 ' rerum,
 ' Quot pratis flores, quot sunt et in orbe colores,
 ' Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt & in æquore naves,
 ' Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta Gehennæ,
 ' Quot cæli stellæ, quot sunt miracula *Thomæ*,
 ' Quot sunt virtutes, tantas tibi mitto salutes.'

Jo. Skelton.

XXIV. NEWS FROM THE NEW WORLD discover'd in the MOON, a *Masque*, as it was presented at *Court* before King *James*, 1620.

XXV. A MASQUE of the *metamorphosed Gypsies*, as it was thrice presented to King *James*; first at *Burleigh on the Hill*, next at *Belvoir*, and lastly at *Windsor*, 1621.

XXVI. THE MASQUE OF AUGURS, with the several *Anti-Masques*; presented Twelfth-night, 1622.

XXVIII. TIME VINDICATED to *himself* and to his *Honours*. In the Presentation at Court on Twelfth Night, 1623.

XXVIII. NEPTUNE'S TRIUMPH for the Return of *Albion*; celebrated in a *Masque* at the Court Twelfth Night, 1624.

THIS *Masque* was to celebrate the Return of Prince *Charles* with *Buckingham* from *Spain*, where the Prince went to see the *Infanta* *. They went *incognito*, and travelled under the Names of *Jack* and *Tom Smith*. At *Dover* they were stopped by the Mayor of that Place, thinking they were going to *France* to fight a *Duel*; so that *Buckingham* was forced to discover himself. At *Paris* they both wore large bushy *Perriwigs*, that shadowed their Faces. Here Prince *Charles* saw the Princess *Henrietta Maria*, whom he afterwards married.

THIS Voyage to *Spain* by Prince *Charles* was accounted a rash and dangerous Undertaking by the whole Nation, and *James* gave but a half Consent. *Buckingham*, who ruled all, seem'd to bully his Master in this Affair; for, when the King laid before the Prince the Danger and the Hazards of the Attempt, *Buckingham* rudely told him, He had given his Word, and, if he broke it, nobody would ever believe him again. Indeed, he seem'd to rule all; and there were *Pasquils* innumerable appear'd every Day. We will insert one, to shew what an Opinion the People had of his Government not long before his Death.

‘ I.

* *Rapin, Wilson, Coke, Howell, &c.*

‘ If the *Buck* rules the Roast in the Forest of Beasts,
‘ And the *Lion* a Cypher at Councils and Feasts,
‘ The rest of the Tribe are in pitiful Case!’

Answer.

‘ You mistake, my good Friend, this *Lion*’s an *Ass*.’

XXIX. PAN’S *Anniversary*, or the *Shepherd’s Holy day*; as it was performed at Court before King *James*, 1625. The Inventors, *Inigo Jones* and *Ben Jonson*.

XXX. THE MASQUE OF OWLS at *Kennelworth*, presented by the Ghost of Capt. *Cox* mounted on his *Hobby-Horse*, 1626.

This *Masque* is but one continued Speech of an hundred and seventy eight Lines; six Persons, representing so many Owls, coming on as they are called.

XXXI. THE FORTUNATE ISLES AND THEIR UNION; celebrated in a *Masque* design’d for the Court on the Twelfth Night, 1626; King *James* died the 27th of *March*, 1625. The latter Part of this *Masque* is the same with *Neptune’s* Triumph for the Return of *Albion*.

AFTER the Death of King *James*, Diversions of these Kinds were, for a while, laid by; though, by Accounts of those Times, there were not many Tears shed at his Death; all *Europe* looked upon him as a weak Prince.

THE *Dutch* drew him, in their painted and engraven *Pasquils*, fast asleep, with a Sword in his Scabbard, and four Persons attempting to draw it in vain.

THE following Epigram, made in *France* in his Time, is a clear Evidence how he stood in the Esteem of his Neighbours.

TANDIS qu’*Elizabeth* fut Roy
L’*Anglois* fut d’*Espaigne* l’Effroy.
Maintenant devise et Coquette,
Regi par la Reine *Jaquette*.

[Thus englished by a Friend.]

DURING the Length of King *Eliza*’s Reign
England the Terror was of haughty *Spain*.

Now

Now Gossip *James* usurps the royal Seat,
And reigns the *Queen* of *Pedantry* and *Prate*.

NOTWITHSTANDING this *French* Satire, King *James* was a Lover of Wit and Humour. 'For once there was a very abusive Copy of Verses against the Court, &c. brought to the King, and, as the Passages were reading before him, he often said, *If there were no more Men in England the Rogue should hang for it.* At last, being come to the Conclusion, which was (after all his railing)

"Now God preserve the King, the Queen, the Peers,
"And grant the Author long may wear his Ears."

'This pleased his Majesty so well, that he broke into a Laughter, and said, *By my Saul, so thou shalt for me. Thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty, Knave.*

Howell's *Letters*, p. 57.

It is certain, the Stage met with greater Encouragement in the Reign of King *James*, than that of *Charles*; and a late Author gives us the following Reasons for it.

'*JAMES* I. with much Reading, had but little Knowledge; and, with some Wit, no Taste. His Ministers, or rather, his Favourites, were Dunces and Rascals, and Matters of Wit were indifferent to them; they were, however, glad of every Occasion to encourage every thing that could divert the public Attention from Affairs of State, and therefore they did not discourage the Stage. Hence it is, that, in all the Reign of *James* I. we find the Theatre upon an excellent Footing, and, so far as we can judge, furnished with the best Set of Actors that ever adorned any one Nation at any one Time. The Strength of *Shakespear*, the Regularity of *Jonson*, the genteel Manner of *Fletcher*, were all encouraged, and each had his just Proportion of Applause; nor am I sure, whether this was not the Period in which, take it all in all, *England* did not see her Stage in its highest Perfection.

'The Court of *Charles* I. was too stately, too precise, too prudish, to allow the Freedom.'

Guthery on *English Tragedy and Comedy*.

AFTER

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AFTER an intire Stop, for near five Years, at Court,
King *Charles* commanded

XXXII. LOVE'S TRIUMPH through CALLIPOLIS;
performed in a MASQUE at COURT, 1630, by his Ma-
jesty, the Lords and Gentlemen assisting. The Inventors,
Ben Jonson and *Inigo Jones*.

THIS Masque was commanded by the King.

XXXIII. CHLORIDIA, Rites to *Chloris* and her
Nymphs; personated, in a Masque at Court, by the *Queen's*
Majesty and her Ladies, at *Shrove-tide*, 1630.

IF we may believe the following *Pasquil* that was posted
up at that time, these two Masques stood the Court in
two thousand Pounds.

On our Landlord *Charles*.

' IF *Charles* will but follow the Steps of his Dad,
' (As he seems to appear a promising Lad)
' How the People will worship a Copy so good!
' But let him abate this extravagant Mood;
' If two *Masques*, in two Nights, cost two thousand Pound,
' His Tenants must starve, or give up the Ground.

XXXIV. THE KING'S ENTERTAINMENT at *Welbeck*
in *Nottinghamshire*, a House of the Right Honourable
William Earl of *New-castle*, Viscount *Mansfield*, Baron of
Bootle and *Bolsover*, &c. at the King's going into *Scotland*.

XXXV. LOVE'S WELCOME; the King and Queen's
Entertainment at *Bolsover*, at the Earl of *New castle's*, the
30th of *July*, 1634.

WE do not find *Ben* was Author of any other *Masques*,
at least not published; but he certainly writ many more
Pieces that were destroy'd by an accidental Fire, which
we may understand by his Poem, call'd, an *Execration*
upon *Vulcan*, where he begins with these Lines:

' AND why to me, this, thou lame Lord of Fire?
' What had I done that might call on thine Ire?

‘ Or urge thy greedy Flames thus to devour
 ‘ So many my Years Labours in an Hour ?’

‘ IT is certain, and with general Allowance (said an
 ‘ Author) that *Jonson* shew’d more profound Judgment
 ‘ and deep Learning, with the Richness of Invention in
 ‘ his *Masques*, than all his cotemporary Poets put together;
 ‘ nay, I think I may be credited if I say, all that may
 ‘ come after him.’

OUR Author’s *Satyr*s and *Epigrams* were sharp, cutting,
 and severe; and, like a hard-hearted Surgeon, often
 probed without the least Lenity; and therefore, no Wonder
 if he roused the Nest of Hornets, his cotemporary
 Poets, against him, upon all Opportunities: and therefore,
 the following was published in Answer to his *Execre-*
cation to Vulcan, on his Loss by Fire.

JACK and TOM.

Jack. ‘ HAVE you heard of the News, my good Cousin
 ‘ Tom?’

Tom. ‘ I am but this Moment just set out from home.
 ‘ Is it good News, or bad News, my jolly Cuz Jack?
 ‘ Has another sharp Scot been robb’d of his Pack *?’

Jack. ‘ THE Poet has met with a fatal Disaster,
 ‘ That grieves him much more than the late *Poetaster*.
 ‘ The Brands of his Pens have fought with such Ire,
 ‘ That the Sparkles have set one another on Fire!
 ‘ One Shirt and a Cheat, and an old Pair of Breeches,
 ‘ With a Doublet and Hose that gaped for some Stitches;
 ‘ The

* In the Reign of James I. a Scots Pedlar was robb’d of
 his Pack within ten Miles of London. The Man being formerly
 acquainted with Carr, the King’s Favourite, afterwards Earl of
 Sommerset, he made a Collection for the Pedlar that amounted to
 twenty Times the Value of his Pack, which the King hearing of,
 cry’d out, Now the Deel on my Saul (his usual Oath) but the
 Thief was the best Friend my Countryman ever met with in his
 Life; but I am afraid we shall have more Packs to pay for soon,
 and, if there is no more Robberies committed, they will rob
 themselves.

' The rest of his Wardrobe were safe on his Back,
 ' (Let the Outside go bare, if the Inside has Sack.)
 ' The Wreath he put on is most damnably fear'd,
 ' And the Green is turn'd grey as well as his Beard:
 ' Yet these are but Trifles to other great Losses;
 ' (But *Protestant Souls* must bear *Catholic Crosses* †.)
 ' Ten Dozen of *Satyrs*, at Four-pence a Piece,
 ' Ten Times better than any of *Rome*, or of *Greece*;
 ' Two Score of fine *Scenes* for a half Score of Plays,
 ' Such as *Terence*, or *Plautus*, ne'er saw in their Days;
 ' A Sack of rich Learning, from the Antients, in Prose,
 ' And a Dozen of *Masques*, the Court to expose;
 ' Of *Epigrams* — whew! a Buthel at least,
 ' And a Peck of fine Speeches when Aldermen feast;
 ' His *Forests* and *Woods* are all safe and sound ‡,
 ' But the Devil a Stick of *his* own on the Ground;
 ' The Timber was eat and drank long ago,
 ' And now he may sing, *blind Fortune my Foe!*
 ' A Rheam of long Bills from every Trade,
 ' And, O Grief of Heart! not one of them paid!
 ' His Flattery was safe, he left that at Court,
 ' To be ready at Hand without sending for't:
 ' But his greatest Mishap, his Conscience was lost.
 Tom. ' He may be supply'd by a Knight of the Post.'

We make no Doubt, but many *Satyrists*, falling upon
 the feigned Vices of other Persons, discover their own
 Malice, and shoot their Poison from their own Souls.
 Like the *Dutch*, in their Cuts for the *Bible*, draw their
 Figures in the Habits themselves wear; and *Herod*, on
 his Throne, looks like a *Burgomaster* of *Amsterdam*.

OUR great Poet left this World in his grand Climac-
 teric, (the 63d Year of his Age) 1637, and was buried
 on the West Side, near the Belfry, in *Westminster-Abby*,

F 2

having

themselves. I do not mention this as a Piece of Wit, only
 to explain more clearly the 16th Line, † alluding to his
 Change of Religion; first a *Protestant*, then a *Papist*, and
 from a *Papist* to a *Protestant* again.

‡ Two Pieces of our Author's, containing several of his
Masques, *Epigrams*, *Elegies*, *Songs*, &c. which were
 sold to his Bookjellers.

having only a Stone over his Grave, with this Inscription, though simple, yet greatly to his Honour and Praise:

O R A R E B E N J O N S O N !

THE *Stone-cutter*, indeed, has added the (*H*) to his Name, which was never made Use of in the Time of his Life, but through Mistake, and the Printers have continued that Error ever since.

A MAGNIFICENT Monument was design'd by *Dappa*, Bishop of *Chichester*, with the following Inscription:

Hic *Jonsonus* noster Lyricorum, Dramaticorumque Coryphæus, qui Pallade auspice lauram à Græcia ipsaque Roma rapuit, et fausto omine in Britanniam transtulit nostram, nunc invidia major, fato, nec tamen æmulis cessit.

Anno Dom. 1637.

A FEW Years ago, there was a neat Marble Bust of our Author placed (near over against that of *Spencer*) with *Shadwell* and *Gay*, facing the West Door of the Abbey, with the old Inscription, and the old Fault, the (*H*) in his Name.

O R A R E B E N J O H N S O N !

THE Carver has unfortunately cut the Buttons on the left Side, and the Holes on the right, which occasioned the following Lines by the late reverend Mr. *Wesley*.

‘ O R A R E B E N J O N S O N ! what ! a Turn-coat grown !
 ‘ Thou ne’er wert such ’till thou wert clad in Stone !
 ‘ When Time thy Coat, thy only Coat, impairs,
 ‘ Thou’lt find a Patron in an hundred Years.
 ‘ Then let not this Mistake disturb thy Sprite,
 ‘ Another Age shall set thy Buttons right.

THERE was another made on the same Occasion ; and though a little ludicrous on such a Subject, as it relates to our Author, we take Leave to insert it.

On seeing *Ben Jonson* turn'd out of Place in a Turn'd-Coat.

' IF *Ben's* pale Ghost, at Noon or Night,
' (Like *Cæsar's* Shadow on the Stage)
' Should rise and contemplate the Sight,
' How would his growling Spirit rage?

' WHY, what a Jack-an-apes is here!
' This meant for me! away, be gone!
' (Why this would make a Parson swear!)
' A Turn'd-coat too! Zounds! turn'd to Stone!

' Give me my other Coat again,
' And place me where I was before;
' This cannot be the famous *Ben*,
' This is some upstart Son of a Whore!

WE will here insert a few Lines in Verse, by different Hands, in Commendation of our Author, that are not in his Works.

SIR *Edward Herbert*, Knight of the *Bath*, Embassador for his Majesty of *Great-Britain* with the *French King*, upon his Friend *Ben Jonson*, and his Translations of *Horace*.

' 'T WAS not enough, *Ben Jonson*, to be thought
' Of *English* Poets best, but to have brought
' In greater State, to their Acquaintance, one
' Made equal to himself and thee; that none
' Might be thy Second: while thy Glory is
' To be the *Horace* of our Times and his.'

On his elaborated art-contrived Play.

An EPIGRAM.

' EACH like an *Indian* Ship or Hull appears,
' That took a Voyage for some certain Years
' To plough the Sea, and furrow up the Main,
' And brought rich *Ingots* from his loaden Brain:

- His Art the Sun, his Labours were the Lines,
- His solid Stuff the Treasure of his Times.'

Will. Hodgson.

To Mr. JONSON.

BEN, the World is much in Debr, and tho' it may
Some petty Reck'nings to small Poets pay,
Pardon if at thy glorious Sum they stick,
Being too large for their Arithmetick.

If they could prize the Genious of a Scene,
The learned Sweat that makes a Language clean,
Or understand the Faith of ancient Skill
Drawn from the tragic, comic, lyric Quill;
The Greek and Roman denison'd by thee,
And both made richer in thy Poetry.
I prophesy more Strength to after Time,
Whose Joy shall call this Isle the Poets Clime,
Because 'twas thine, and unto thee return
The borrowed, with which thy Muse shall burn;
Then, when the Stock of others Fame is spent,
Thy Poetry shall keep its own old Rent.

THOU art our whole *Menander*, better made,
And might have learnt him thy poetic Trade:
Could *Cæsar* * rise, and hear thy noble Vein,
He'd find a *Terence* doubled in thy Strain:

Or

* *Cæsar used to call Terence half Menander.*

*Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiate Menander,
Poneris, & merito, puri sermonis amator,
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hac despectus parte jaceres,
Unum hoc maceror, et doleo tibi deesse Terenti.*

Thus englished by a Friend.

*Menander's half! thy Diction so correct,
So sweetly flowing, claims a high Respect*

'Mongst

Or could *Menander* * once again survive,
Viewing thy Face, would find himself alive.

Zouch Townley.

Now we have followed the great *Ben Jonson* to his eternal Rest, we cannot find, with the strictest Search, that he left either Family or Relation to mourn his Loss. He was married we know; but no Traces can find out from what Family or Name he took his Wife. He mentions the Death of two Children, which he laments; but, if he had other Issue, none survived him.

No Doubt but there were many Pictures of our Author in his Life-time; four we can give some Account of. One by *Isaac Oliver* the Father, and another by *Peter* the son, both eminent Painters in the sixteenth Century. One of these was in the Possession of that eminent Physician, *Dr. Mead*; another in the Collection of *Lord Somers*, painted by *Huntorst* of *Utrecht*; a third painted by *Vandyke* in the Year 1630; and why may not we suppose the fourth to be the Picture he left with the Lady he made fruitless Love to in *Scotland*, when he visited *Drommond*, that false Friend, who treats his Memory as if *Ben* were an idle Madman. That Author, who lived many Years after him, durst not have declared his vile Sentiments, had our *Jonson* been alive to answer him; therefore, we look upon all that he has said against him, as the Malice and Envy of a bad Heart: But if the Reader is curious to know what is said against him, he may have Recourse to *Drommond's* History of *Scotland*, Lond. 1675; or his Works in Folio, Edinb. 1711.

BEN had been treated with less Envy, Malice, and Ill-nature, if he had concealed the good Opinion he conceived of himself; and had behaved like the excellent Statuaries of ancient Greece, *Glicon*, *Praxiteles*, *Athenodorus*,

*'Mongst greatest Poets; yet I must lament
Thy Want of Force and finewy Argument;
Grant thee but that, we could thy Merits raise,
And give thee justly whole Menander's Praise.*

* *Ben Jonson's Face is said to resemble an antique Medal of Menander's, then in Possession of the learned Selden.*

dorus, &c. who never said, the *Work of such a one*; but *Praxiteles*, &c. would have made this *Work*, as if something might have been wanting to the finishing.

It has too often been observed, That the greatest Masters in Sciences and Arts have been each others implacable Enemies; when, if they would rightly consider, they only lessen themselves. ‘It is their Petulancies’ (says an Author) that fix so great a Degree of Contempt upon Poets and their Works; and, if they did not fall into these ridiculous Invectives upon one another, the World would use them all with more Respect and Reverence. Like two Priests disputing in Religion before ‘an *Indian in America*,’ “*Nay, (says the American) if you dispute among yourselves, I’ll believe neither of you, and die in the same Faith my Ancestors did.*”

THOSE two great Masters in Painting, *Raphael* and *Angelo*, Cotemporaries at *Rome*, were ever jarring and decrying the Talents of each other. *Raphael* generally had a great Number of Gentlemen, his Pupils, following him wherever he went; but *Angelo* liked best to go alone. These two great Men meeting one Day, by Accident, in *Rome*, *Angelo* told *Raphael*, ‘Thou walkest like a *Provost*, with all thy *Bailiffs* at thy Heels.’ ‘And thou (returned *Raphael*) alone, like the *Hangman*.’ At this, *Angelo* clap’d his Hand to his Sword: But *Raphael* reply’d, ‘I fear thy Sword no more than thy Pencil.’ And so they parted.

’Tis certain, an Epistle from one Acquaintance to another, concerning a third Person known to them both, when the Writer doth not seem prejudiced, is more than painting the Features; it shews the Mind and Temper, and, as an Author says,

Ut clavis portam, sic pandit epistola pectus.

Therefore, the Reader, we hope, will not dislike the following Letter, by one of *Ben*’s adopted Sons.

To Sir THOMAS HAWKING, *Knt.*

S I R,

‘I Was invited yesterday, to a solemn Supper, by *Ben Jonson*, where you were deeply remember’d. There was good Company, excellent Cheer, choice Wines, and

‘ and jovial Welcome. One Thing interven’d, which
 ‘ almost spoiled the Relish of the rest; that *Ben* began to
 ‘ engross all the Discourse, to vapour extremely of him-
 ‘ self, and, by villifying others, to magnify his own
 ‘ Muse. *Tom Carew* buzz’d me in the Ear, that though
 ‘ *Ben* had barrell’d up a great deal of Knowledge, yet, it
 ‘ seems, he hath not read the *Ethicks*, which, among
 ‘ other Precepts of Morality, forbid Self-commendation,
 ‘ declaring it to be an ill-favour’d Solecism in good Man-
 ‘ ners. It made me think upon the Lady, (not very
 ‘ young) who, having a good while given her Guests
 ‘ neat Entertainment; a Capon being brought to the Ta-
 ‘ ble, instead of a Spoon, she took a Mouthful of Claret,
 ‘ and spouted into the Poop of the hollow Bird. Such
 ‘ an Accident happen’d at this Entertainment, you know

‘ *Propria laus sordet in ore.*

‘ Be a Man’s Breath ever so sweet, yet it makes one’s
 ‘ Praise stink, if he makes his own Mouth the Conduit-
 ‘ pipe of it. But, for my Part, I am content to dispense
 ‘ with the *Roman* Infirmity of *Ben*, now that Time hath
 ‘ snowed upon his *Pericranium*. You know *Ovid*, and
 ‘ (your) *Horace* were subject to his Humour:

‘ *Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis, &c.*

‘ The other into,

‘ *Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.*

‘ As also *Cicero*, when he forced himself into this Ex-
 ‘ ameter,

‘ *O! fortunatam! natam me consule Romam.*

‘ There is another Reason that excuses *Ben*, which is, that
 ‘ if one is allowed to love the natural Issue of his Body,
 ‘ why not that of the Brain? which is of a more noble
 ‘ and spiritual Extraction.

Westminster, April

the 5th, 1636.

‘ JAMES HOWELL.’

WE will place here another Letter of the same Author
 to *Ben*, though dated some Years before this, as it may
 give

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give some Light into the Opinion his best Friends had of his early and latter Writings.

To my Father, BEN. JONSON.

Father BEN,

‘ **N**ULLUM fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura demen-
 ‘ *tiae*, There is no great Wit without some Mix-
 ‘ ture of Madnass; so saith the Philosopher: Nor was he
 ‘ a Fool, who answered, *Nec parvum sine mixtura stul-*
 ‘ *titiae*, nor small Wit without some Allay of Foolishness.
 ‘ Touching the first, it is verified in you; for I find that
 ‘ you have often been mad. You were mad when you
 ‘ writ your *Fox*, and madder when you writ your *Alche-*
 ‘ *mist*; you were mad when you writ *Catiline*, and stark
 ‘ mad when you writ *Sejanus*: But, when you writ your
 ‘ *Epigrams*, and the *magnetic Lady*, you were not so
 ‘ mad; insomuch, that I perceive there be Degrees of
 ‘ Madnass in you. Excuse me, that I am so free with
 ‘ you. The Madnass I mean, is that *divine Fury*, that
 ‘ heating and heightning Spirit which *Ovid* speaks of,

‘ *Est Deus in nobis agitante calescimus illa!*

‘ That true Enthusiasm, which transports and elevate^s
 ‘ the Souls of Poets above the middle Region of vulga^r
 ‘ Conception, and makes them soar up to Heaven, to
 ‘ touch the Stars with their laurell’d Heads! to walk in
 ‘ the Zodiack with *Apollo* himself, and command *Mercury*
 ‘ upon their Errand. I cannot yet light upon Dr. *Davies*’s
 ‘ *Welch Grammar*; before *Christmas* I am promised one.
 ‘ So, desiring you to look better hereafter to your Char-
 ‘ coal Fire, and Chimney, which I am glad to be one
 ‘ that preserved from burning, this being the second
 ‘ Time that *Vulcan* * threatened you, it may be because
 ‘ you

* This relates to his Execration on *Vulcan*, a Poem, on his Loss by Fire, mentioned before. Mr. Howell sent our Author another Letter, relating a Story, in order for Ben to form a Plan for a Play; but we cannot find, by his Works extant, he made any Use of it: But Mrs. Centlivre made it the Foundation of her Cruel Gift, a Tragedy.

See Howell’s Letters, p. 243.

‘ you have spoken ill of his Wife, and been too busy with
 ‘ his Horns. I rest your Son, and contiguous Neighbour,
Westminster, June
 the 27th, 1629.

‘ JAMES HOWELL.’

POOR *Ben* was ever the Butt, for the Wits to shoot at,
 upon all Occasions; and therefore, his Travels to *Scotland*
 produced the following Piece of Scurrility: But (as *Howard*
 says) Merit will ever be the Mark of *Envy*.

O UR Laurel-crown’d Bard to *Scotland* has travell’d,
 And back too on Foot, but damnably gravell’d.
 And yet, in his Youth, he drove *Theſpis’s* Cart,
 Nor valued his Labour much more than a F—t.
 Would none that he flatters equip him to ride
 In State to the *North*, with *Dick Broome* by his Side?
 Who might, like a Parrot, have chatter’d his Fame,
 And, at every Inn, have squall’d out his Name.
 This is Hod-mortar *Ben*, that trowels the Court;
 But, since ’tis his Trade, he has Salary for’t.
 O fine blessed Spot! with that Head that it rules,
 Thus doubly surrounded with K—s and with F—s.

LET us give a few Testimonies from some modern
 Authors in Prose, wrote many Years after his Death;
 and therefore we may be assured their Sentiments are
 just.

THE learned *Selden*, in his Preface to his *Titles of Honour*, 1641, stiles him ‘ his beloved Friend, and a
 ‘ singular Poet, and extols his special Worth in *Litera-*
 ‘ *ture*; an accurate and sound Judgment.’

SHADWELL, in his Dedication to his Comedy, call’d,
 the *Virtuoso*, to the Duke of *Newcastle*, writes thus of our
 Author, ‘ who was incomparably the best dramatic Poet
 ‘ that ever was, or, I believe, ever will be; and I would
 ‘ rather be Author of one Scene in his best *Comedies*, than
 ‘ any Play this Age hath produced.’

THE honourable *Edward Howard*, *Esq*; in his *Essays*;
 ‘ Permit me to say, whether any of the Wit of the *Latin*
 ‘ Poets be more *terſe* and *eloquent* in *their Tongue*, than
 ‘ this great and learned Poet appears in *ours*. Whenever
 ‘ *Jonſon* copies, or imitates, (contrary to many others) he
 ‘ freely

‘freely owns it in his, and never falls short of the Original, but often goes far beyond them.’

AND as another Author said, ‘if the Antients ever produced a rough Diamond from the Mines, *Jonson* was the Artist that polished it, and gave it its true Lustre.’

POPE, in his Preface to *Shakespear*, writes thus:

‘WHEN our Poet got Possession of the Stage, he brought critical Learning into Vogue; and that this was not done without Difficulty, may appear from those frequent Lessons (and, indeed, almost Declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first Plays, and put into the Mouths of his Actors, the *Greæ*, *Chorus*, &c. to remove the Prejudices, and inform the Judgment of his Hearers and Readers.’

IN the Preface to the *Friends*, published, *Lond*. 1754.

‘*Jonson* enriched his native Tongue with Comedies, wrote up to more than *Terentian* Regularity and Propriety, in Point of Conduct.’

WE have often mentioned the Word *Pasquils* in these Pages, (for so the satyrical Pieces were call’d in the Reigns of *James* and *Charles*) but the true Name is *Pasquin*, from a Cobler in *Rome* that lived, in the Beginning of the 15th Century, near the Corner of the Palace of *Ursines*, who was a Person of a ready, satyrical Wit; and most People, of the like Turn, usually visited him, to hear him ridicule the Passers by. After his Death the Statue of a Gladiator being dug up near his Stall, it was set up, and called by his Name, to which the Wits, or Pretenders to it, hang or paste Lampoons upon the State, Great Men, &c. from whence such Sort of Poems, or Writings, are call’d *Pasquinades*.

THE
R U L E S
FOR THE
CLUB of *APOLLO*;

Instituted by our AUTHOR.

Written in *Latin* by him; with the Translation by another Hand.

Leges Convivales, quod fœlix faustumque
Convivis in *Apolline* fit.

NEMO a symbolus, nisi umbra, huc venito,
Idiota, *insultus*, tristis, turpis, abesto.

Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, *Modesti* adsciscuntor,
Nec lectæ Fœminæ repudiantor.

In apparatu, quod convivis corruget nares nil esto,
Epulæ delectu potius, quam sumptu parentur;
Obsonator, & Coquus convivarum gulæ periti sunt;
De Discubitu non contenditor.

Ministri à Dapibus, oculati, & muti,
A poculis auriti, & celeres sunt.

Vina puris fontibus *ministrantur*, aut vapulet hospes,
Moderatis poculis provocare sodales fas esto,
At fabulis, magis quàm vino velitatio fiat,
Convivæ nec muti, nec loquaces sunt.

De feriis ac sacris poti, & saturi ne differunto,
Fidicen nisi accersitus non venito.

Admisso risu, tripudiis, choreis, cantu, *salibus*,
Omni gratiarum festivitate sacra celebrantor :

Joci sine felle sunt

Insipida Poemata nulla recitantor ;

Versus scribere nullus cogitor ;

Argumentationis *totus* strepitus abesto ;

Amatoriis querelis, ac suspiriis liber angulus esto,

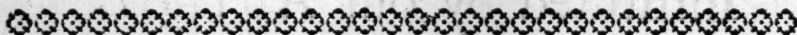
Lapitharum more, scyphis pugnare, vitrea collidere,

Fenestras excutere, supellectilem dilacerare ne fas esto.

Qui foras, dicta, vel facta eliminat, eliminat

Neminem reum poculi faciunt,

Focus perennis esto.



A Translation of the RULES for the CLUB
of *APOLLO*, then kept at the *Devil*
Tavern, Temple-Bar.

AS the Fund of our Pleasure, let each pay his Shot,
(Except some chance Friend whom a Member
brings in.)

Far hence be the Sad, the lewd Fop, and the Sot ;
For such have the Plagues of good Company been.

Let the *learned* and *witty*, the *jovial* and *gay*,

The *gen'rous* and *honest*, compose our free State ;

And, the more to exalt our Delight while we stay,

Let none be debarr'd of his choice female Mate.

Let no Scent offensive the Chamber infest ;

Let Fancy, not Cost, prepare all our Dishes ;

Let the Caterer mind the Taste of each Guest,

And the Cook, in his Dressing, comply with their Wishes.

Let's have no Disturbance about taking Places,

To shew your nice Breeding, or out of vain Pride.

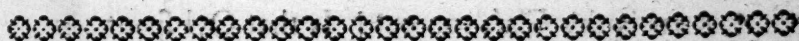
Let the Drawers be ready with Wine and fresh Glasses ;

Let the Waiters have Eyes, tho' their Tongues must be
ty'd.

Let

Let our Wines, without Mixture, or Stum, be all fine;
 Or call up the Master, and break his dull Noddle!
 Let no sober Bigot here think it a Sin
 To push on the chiriping moderate Bottle.
 Let the Contest be rather of Books than of Wine;
 Let the Company be neither noisy nor mute;
 Let none of Things serious, much less of divine,
 When Belly and Head's full, prophanely dispute.
 Let no sawcy Fidler presume to intrude,
 Unless he is sent for to vary our Bliss:
 With Mirth, Wit, and Dancing, and Singing conclude,
 To regale every Sense with Delight in Excess.
 Let Raillery be without Malice or Heat;
 Dull Poems to read let none Privilege take;
 Let no Poetaster command, or intreat,
 Another, extempore Verses to make.
 Let Argument bear no unmusical Sound,
 Nor Jars interpose, sacred-Friendship to grieve.
 For generous Lovers let a Corner be found,
 Where they, in soft Sighs, may their Passions relieve.
 Like the old *Lapithites*, with the Goblets to fight,
 Our own 'mongst Offences unpardon'd will rank;
 Or breaking of Windows, or Glasses, for Spight,
 And spoiling the Goods for a rake-helly Prank.

THE *Translator* has taken a little Liberty with the
 Original, but not unbecoming.



Over the Door, at the Entrance into the *APOLLO*, in
 a fair Shield, were the following Lines, wrote by our
 Author, *Ben Jonson*.

WELCOME all that lead or follow
 To the ORACLE of *APOLLO*.

Here he speaks out of his Pottle,
 Or his *Tripes*, his Tower Bottle:
 All his Answers are DIVINE;
 TRUTH itself doth flow in WINE!

Hang up all the poor *Hop-drinkers*!
 Cries old *Syms*, the King of *Skinkers*:
 He the half of Life abuses,
 That sits watering with the *Muses*:
 Those dull Girls no Good can mean us.
 Wine it is the Milk of *Venus*,
 And the Poet's Horse accounted;
 Ply it, and you all are mounted!
 'Tis the true *Pharbean* Liquor,
 Cheers the Brains, makes Wit the quicker,
 Pays all Debts, cures all Diseases,
 And, at once, three Senses pleases.
 Welcome, all that lead or follow,
 To the ORACLE of *APOLLO*!

To Dr. *Duppa*, Lord Bishop of *Chichester*, his Highness's
 Tutor, at St. *James's*.

My LORD,

'T is a well-becoming, and very worthy, Work you
 are about, not to suffer Mr. *Ben Jonson* to go so
 silent to his Grave, or rot suddenly. Being newly come
 to Town, and understanding that your *JONSONUS*
VERBIUS was in the Press, upon the Solicitation to Sir
Thomas Hawkins, I suddenly fell upon the ensuing
Decastick; which, if your Lordship please, may have
 Room amongst the rest.

'AND is thy Glas run out? Is that Oyl spent,
 Which Light to such strong sinewy Labours lent?
 Well, *Ben*, I now perceive that all the *Nine*,
 Tho' they their utmost Forces should combine,
 Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three Daughters; but
 One still must *spin*, one *wind*, the other *cut*:
 Yet, in despite of *Distaff*, *Clue*, and *Knife*,
 Thou, in thy strenuous Lines, hath got a Life,
 Which, like thy *Bayes*, shall flourish every Age,
 While *Sock* or *Buskin* shall ascend the Stage.

— *Sic vaticinatur* HOELLUS.

BEN. JONSON, *Esq;* 65

‘ So I rest, with my devoted Respects to your Lord-
ship, as being

Your very humble Servitor,

London, May the

1st, 1636.

J. H.

Page 251. Lond. Ed. 1713.

THIS Piece, intituled JONSONUS VERBIUS, or the Memory of BEN. JONSON revived, by the Friends of the MUSES. It consisted only of a Collection of Poems to his Memory, by his cotemporary Authors, viz. The Lord Faulkland, Lord Buckhurst, Sir John Beaumont, Sir Thomas Hawkins, Henry King, *Esq;* Han. Coventry, *Esq;* William Habington, *Esq;* E. Waller, *Esq;* James Howell, *Esq;* G. Fortescue, *Esq;* Thomas May, *Esq;* Dudley Diggs, *Esq;* John Vernon, *Esq;* John Cleveland, Jasper Maine, William Cartwright, Jo. Rutter, O. Feltham, Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, Shackerly Marmion, John Ford, R. Brideoak, Richard West, R. Meade, H. Ramsay, Hon. Francis Wortley, T. Terrent, R. Waring, William Bew, Samuel Evans, ending with a Greek Poem, anonymous. Any Gentlemen, that are curious, may peruse the Original, now in the Hands of the Editor. Some that are not in that Tract are inserted here.

To Dr. Duppa, Bishop of Chichester, Dean of Christ-Church, and Tutor to Prince Charles, afterwards, King Charles II. By Sir W. Davenant.

HOW shall I sleep To-night! that am to pay,
By a bold Vow, a mighty Debt ere Day?
Which all the Poets of this Island owe,
Like Pains, neglected, it will greater grow:
How vainly, from my single Book of Wit,
(As small as is my Art to husband it)
I have adventur'd what they durst not do
With strong confed'rate Art, and Nature too:
This Debt hereditary is, and more,
More than can be paid for such an Ancestor;
Who, living, all the Muses Treasures spent,
As if they him their Heir, not Steward, meant:
Forests of Myrtle he disfurnished,
That near to Heav'n their verdant Shades did spread;

Like modern Lords, were so of Rent bereft,
 Poets, and they, have none but Titles left:
 He wasted all his Wreathes for his own Wit,
 Which was so strong, that none cou'd conquer it,
 But his own Judgment's Force, that rul'd the Sense
 Of what he writ, than Fancy's vast Expence;
 Of that he still was lavishly profuse;
 For, join the remnant Wealth of every Muse,
 And 'twill not pay the Debt we owe to thee
 For Honours done unto thy Memory!

Thus then he brought th' Estate to a Decay,
 With which this Debt we, as his Heirs, shou'd pay;
 As sullen Heirs, when wasteful Fathers die,
 Their old Debts leave for their Posterity:
 Altho' 'tis fear'd, 'cause they are left so poor,
 They'll but acknowledge what they shou'd restore.

AND, now Posterity is taught to know,
 Why, and to whom, this mighty Sum we owe,
 I safely may go sleep — for they will pay
 It all at Times, altho' I break my Day.

An ELEGY on BEN. JONSON.

POET of Princes, Prince of Poets, (we,
 If to *Apollo*, well may pray to thee!)
 Give Glow-worms leave to peep, who, 'till thy Night,
 Could not be seen, we darken'd were with Light,
 For Stars to glitter after Set of Sun
 Is, at the least, a bold Presumption.
 I've seen a great Lamp lighted by the small
 Spark of Flint, found in a Field or Wall.
 Our feeble Verse faintly may shadow forth
 A dull Reflection to thy glorious Worth;
 And, like a Statue homely-fashion'd, raise
 Some Trophies to thy Mem'ry, tho' not praise:
 Those shallow *Sirs*, who want sharp Sight to look
 On the majestic Splendour of thy Book,
 That rather chuse to hear an *Archy* * prate,
 Than the full Sense of a learn'd *Laureat*,

May,

* *Archy*, the Court Jester, in the Reigns of James and Charles I.

May, when they see thy Name thus plainly writ,
 Admire the solemn Measure of thy Wit,
 And like thy Works beyond a gawdy Show
 Of Boards and Canvas, wrought by *Inigo* †:
 Ploughmen, who puzzl'd are with Figures, come,
 By Tallies, to the Reck'ning of a Sum;
 Aud milk-sop Heirs, which, from their Mother's Lap,
 Scarce travell'd, know far Countries by a Map.
Shakepear may make Griefs, merry *Beaumont's* Stile
 Ravish, and melt Anger with a Smile;
 In Winter Nights, or after Meals, they be,
 I must confess, good Sort of Company;
 But thou exact'st our best Hours Industry,
 We may read them, but ought to study thee:
 Thy Scenes are Precepts, every Verse doth give
 Counsel, and teach us not to laugh, but live.
 You that, with tow'ring Thoughts, presume so high
 (Swell'd with a vain ambitious Tympany)
 To dream of Sceptres, whose brave Mischief calls.
 The Blood of Kings to their last Funerals,
 Learn from *Sejanus*, his high Fall, to prove,
 To thy dread Sovereign, a sacred Love;
 Let him suggest a reverend Fear to thee,
 And may his Tragedy thy Lecture be:
 Learn the compendious Age of slip'ry Pow'r
 That's built on Blood, and may one little Hour
 Teach thy bold Rashness, that it is not safe
 To build a Kingdom on a *Cesar's* Grave.
 Thy Plays were whipt and libell'd, only 'cause
 They're good, and favour of our Kingdom's Laws.
Satyrmasicks *, Lightning-like, doth wound
 Those Things alone that solid are, and sound:
 Thus guilty Men hate Justice; so a Glass
 Is sometimes broke for shewing a bad Face.
 There's none that with thee *Rods* instead of *Bayes*,
 But such whose very Hate is perfect Praise.

Let

* *Inigo Jones*, the King's Architect, that used to fit out the Machines, &c. of the Masques at Court.

† Alluding to Decker's Play of that Name, wrote against Jonson's *Poetaster*; but, like a snarling-Cur, he only shew'd his Teeth, and would have bit, but could not fasten.

Let Scribblers (that write Post, and versify
 With no more Leisure than we cast a Dye)
 Spur on their *Pegasus*, and proudly cry,
This Verse I made i'th' twinkling of an Eye!
 Thou cou'dst have done so, hadst thou thought it fit;
 But 'twas the Wisdom of thy Muse, to sit,
 And weigh each Syllable, suff'ring nought to pass
 But what could be no better than it was.
 Those that keep pompous State ne'er go in haste,
 Thou went'st before them all, tho' not so fast,
 While their poor Cobweb-stuff finds as quick Fate
 As Birth, and sells like Almanacks out of Date.
 The marbled Glory of thy labour'd Rhyme
 Shall live beyond the Calendar of Time,
 Who will their Meteors 'bove the Sun advance;
 Thine are the Works of *Judgment*, theirs of *Chance*.
 How this whole Kingdom's in thy Debt! we have,
 From others, Perriwigs and Paint, to save
 Our ruin'd Sculls and Faces; but to thee
 We owe our Tongues, and Fancies Remedy.
 Thy Poems make us Poets; we may lack
 (Reading thy Book) stol'n *Sentences* and *Sack*.
 Who can a single Speech of thine rehearse,
 Whether he will or no, must make a Verse.
 Thus Trees give Fruit, the Kernels of that Fruit
 Do bring forth Trees, which in more Branches shoot.
 Our canting *English* of itself alone
 (I had almost said a wild Confusion)
 Is now all Harmony: what we did say
 Before, was tuning only, *this is Play*.
 Strangers, that cannot reach thy Sense, will throng
 To hear us speak the Accents of thy Tongue,
 As unto Birds that sing; if it's so good
 When heard alone, what is't when understood?
 Thou shalt be read as *Classic Authors*, and,
 As *Greek* and *Latin*, taught in every Land.
 The cringing *Monsieur* shall thy Language vent,
 When he wou'd melt his Wench with Compliment;
 Using thy Phrases, he may have his Wish
 Of a coy Nun, without an angry Piish!
 And yet, in all thy Poems, there is shewn
 Such Chastity, that every Line's a Zone.

BEN. JONSON, *Esq;* 69

Rome will confess, that thou mak'st *Cæsar* talk
 In greater State and Pomp than he cou'd walk.
Catiline's Tongue is the true Edge of Swords,
 We now not only feel, but hear thy Words.
 Who *Tully* in thy *Idiom* understands,
 Will swear that his Oration's are Commands:
 But that which cou'd with richer Language dress
 The highest Sense, cannot thy Words express.
 Had I thy own Invention, which affords
 Words above Action, Matter above Words,
 To crown thy Merits I shou'd only be
 Sumptuously poor, low in Hyperbole. *John Cleveland.*

Another, by the same Author, in Triplets.

WHO first reform'd our Stage with justest Laws,
 And was the first best Judge in his own Cause;
 Who, when his Actors trembled for Applause,
 Could, with a noble Confidence, prefer
 His own, by Right, to a noble Theatre,
 From Principles which he knew could not err,
 Who to his *Fable* did his Person fit,
 With all the Properties of Art and Wit,
 And, above all, that could be acted writ.
 Who publick Follies did to Covert drive,
 Which he again cou'd cunningly retrieve,
 Leaving no Ground to rest upon or thrive.
 Here *Jonson* lies, whom had I nam'd before,
 In that one Word alone I had paid more
 Than can be now, when Plenty makes me poor. *John Cleveland.*

On the Death of the incomparable BEN. JONSON.

NOW Root and BRANCH of Poetry is dead,
 And bright *Apollo* shrouds his mournful Head.
 You that ere hope to feel the sacred Fire,
 And would your Souls with Harmony inspire,
 Your Prayers address to great immortal *BEN*,
 The Heav'n-inspir'd Bard, and first of Men.
 As *Romans* supplicate the Saints in Heaven,
 To him alone your Orisons be given.

J. C.
THE

THE late excellent Poet, Mr. *John Oldham*, has publish'd an Ode of near three hundred Lines, too long to be inserted here, in Praise of our Author, to which we refer our Reader.

WE thought to have clos'd all; but the following Lines, by an unknown Hand, were sent us too late to place any where else.

On BEN. JONSON's Life revived from the Dead.

‘ **W**HO was it first that led the labour'd Way,
 ‘ To form the true Proportion of a Play?
 ‘ Thro’ the rude Mass of Chaos undermin’d
 ‘ To clear the Rubbish, and the Gold refin’d?
 ‘ Immortal *Jonson* the great Task essay’d!
 ‘ (By dreaming Ages past too long delay’d)
 ‘ *Herculean Labour!* the *Augean Stalls*
 ‘ Of Filth he clear’d, and cleans’d the putrid Walls;
 ‘ Convey’d the rising Stream; a new-spring’d Flood,
 ‘ And, like the Hand of Heav’n a new Creation shew’d.
 ‘ So the first Planters, in a World new found,
 ‘ All over-grown with fruitless Shrubs around,
 ‘ Impenetrable Woods, and noxious Bogs,
 ‘ That the pure Air infect with during Fogs,
 ‘ Drain the old Swamps, and fell the hoary Trees,
 ‘ Clear the dank Sky, and intermit the Breeze;
 ‘ Then grub the Earth, and clean the fair-look’d Plain,
 ‘ Admit the Plough, and sow the promis’d Grain;
 ‘ Till rich Increase the yellow Harvest yields,
 ‘ And crowns the golden Honours of the Fields.

T. C. D.

THE two following Compositions were sent us, affirmed for *Jonson's*; but, as we are not assured, we will not impose them on the Reader as such.

Epithalamium in Puellam Oxoniensem.

HIC JACET,
 Læta in spe Resurrectionis,
 MARIA BIRD:
 Puella eximie pulchritudinis;

Mira

Miræ suavitatis comitatisque;
 Nulla venustas animo defuit;
 Nullus corpori decor:
 Egregia sua sibi sole latuere merita;
 Tandem in illius sinum recepta,
 Quem maxime concupiverat,
 Lubenter naturæ persolvens debitum
 Placidè conquivit.

AN EPIGRAM.

A Widow's Lawyer, in his Wine,
 As he a Bond was making,
 With *Know all Women* did begin,
 The common Form mistaking.
 'Hold! you are wrong,' the Lady cry'd,
 'It should have been *all Men*, Sir.'
 The Lawyer, with a Sneer, reply'd,
 And made this merry Answer:
 'Madam, the Bond is right and just;
 'For, if ONE *Woman* knows it,
 'Tis very plain that *all Men* must;
 'For she will soon disclose it.'

It is certain, our Author's three celebrated Comedies, the *Fox*, the *Alchemist*, and *Silent Woman* were never performed in more Perfection than between the Year 1712 and 1730. To prove it, we will only set down the Cast of the last, the

SILENT WOMAN.

MOROSE,	} by {	Mr. Johnson.
TRUEWIT,		Mr. Wilks.
DAUPHINE,		Mr. Booth.
CLERMONT,		Mr. Mills.
SIR JOHN DAW,		Mr. Cibber.
SIR AMOROUS,		Mr. Miller.
TOM OTTER,		Mr. Es court.
CUTHBERT,		Mr. Norris.
EPICOENE,		Mrs. Oldfield.

So many excellent Comedians, labouring so many Years together, worked themselves to inimitable Perfection: We can, indeed, boast of a few that have arrived at Excellence since that Period; a *Garrick*, a *Barry*, a *Mossop*, a *Sheridan*, and several other promising Plants; but then they are dispersed in different Theatres.

THE Diversions, Recreations, and Pleasures of Youth subside, when Men sink into Years; and it is well Heaven and Nature have so ordained: But yet I would venture farther to see *Garrick* perform *Keightly*, in our Author's Comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, than to contemplate the greatest Curiosity in Art or Nature.

END of the LIFE of BEN. JONSON.



THE
WIDOW:

OR, THE
Double Disappointment.

A
COMEDY.

Written by { BEN. JONSON,
JOHN FLETCHER, } Gent.
THO. MIDDLETON, }

Printed by the Original Copy.



DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year MDCCCLVI.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

BRANDINO, *an old Justice.*

MARTINO, *his Clerk.*

FRANCISCO, *in Love with BRANDINO's Wife.*

ATTILIO, *his Friend.*

MUCKWORM, } *Two old Men, Suitors to the Widow.*
GRIP, }

RICARDO, *a young Gentleman that has spent his Estate, in
Love with VALERIA.*

LATROCINIO, }
OCCULTO, } *Thieves.*
SILVIO, }
STRATIO, }
FIDUCIO, }

W O M E N.

VALERIA, *the rich young Widow.*

MARTIA, *(in Men's Cloaths) Daughter to old MUCKWORM*

PHILIPPA, *the old Justice's young Wife.*

VIOLETTA, *her Maid.*

Officers, Servants, &c.



THE
W I D O W:
OR, THE
Double Disappointment.

Actus I. Scæna I.

Enter Signior MARTINO, (an old Justice's Clerk) and FRANCISCO.

Fra. **M**ARTINO! [*Table and Standish.*
Mar. Signior Francisco! You're the luckiest gentleman to meet

Or see first in a morning: I never saw you yet,
But I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

Fra. I bring you the same luck still.

Mar. What, you do not?

I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?

Fra. Yes, faith, for another warrant.

Mar. Why there's my dream out then; I never dream'd
of a naked buttock but I was sure to have money for a
warrant.

warrant. It is the luckiest part of all the body to me. Now your usurer is of opinion, that to dream of the devil is your wealthier dream; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good; for if gluttony be the meat, litchery is the porridge; they're both boil'd together.

[*Phil.* within.] 'Tis Signior *Francisco*!

Fra. 'Twas her voice sure,

Or my soul takes delight to think it was.

Mar. Sir, I beseech you.

Fra. It is the prettiest contriv'd building, this:

What poesy's that, I prithee?

Mar. Which, sir; that?

Fra. Ay, that, sir, that.

Mar. From fire, from water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest justice.

Fra. There's like to be a good house kept then, when
fire and water's forbidden to come into the kitchen.

Not yet a sight of her?

And what's that yonder, prithee? O love's famine!

There's no affliction like thee. Ay, I hear you, sir.

Mar. You're quicker ear'd than I then: you hear me
Before I heard myself.

Fra. A gift in friendship;
Some call it an instinct.

Mar. It may be: — Look you
Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as  *as a goose,*
A goose-quill and a clerk, a constable and a lanthorn,
Brings many a bawd from coach to cart, and many a
thief to one turn.

Fra. That one turn help'd you well.

Mar. It has help'd me to money indeed for many a
warrant. I am forty dollars the better for that one turn;
and 'twould come off quicker 'twere ne'er a whit the
worse for me. But indeed when thieves are taken, and
break away twice or thrice one after another, there's my
gains; then go out more warrants to fetch 'em again:
one fine nimble villain, may be worth a man ten dollars;
I love such a one with my heart. Ay, and will help him
to 'scape too, and I can; hear you me that: I'll have
him in at all times at a month's warning: Nay, say I let
him run like a summer nag all the vacation: See you these
blanks,

The Double Disappointment.

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blanks, I'll send him but one of these bridles, and bring him in at *Michaelmas* with a vengeance; nothing kills my heart, but when one of 'em dies, sir; then there's no hope of more money: I had rather lose at all times two of my best kindred, than an excellent thief; for he's a gentleman I'm more beholding to.

Fra. You betray your mystery too much, sir. Yet no comfort?

Mar. I am ready now, signior.
Here are blank warrants of all dispositions, give me but the name and nature of your malefactor, and I'll bestow him according to his merits.

Fra. This only is th' excuse that bears me out,
And keeps off impudence and suspicion
From my too frequent coming: What name now
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house?
This coxcomb will be prating. — One *Attilio*,
His offence wilful murder.

Mar. Wilful murder? Are you wilful? i' faith I'll be as wilful as you then.

Phil. Martino? [*Philippa and Violetta at a window.*]

Mar. Mistress?

Phil. Make haste, your master's going.

Mar. I'm but about a wilful murder forsooth; I'll dispatch that presently.

Phil. Good-morrow, sir. Oh that I durst say more:

Fra. 'Tis gone again; such are all life's pleasures,
No sooner known but lost; he that enjoys 'em
The length of life, has but a longer dream,
He wakes to this i' th' end, and sees all nothing.

Phil. He cannot see me now; I'll mark him better
Before I be too rash: Sweetly compos'd he is;
Now as he stands, he's worth a woman's love,
That loves only for shape, as most of us do:
But I must have him wise, as well as proper,
He comes not in my books else, and indeed
I have thought upon a course to try his wit. *Violetta:*

Viol. Mistress.

Phil. Yonder's the gentleman again.

Viol. Oh sweet mistress,
Pray give me leave to see him.

Phil. Nay, take heed,
Open not the window, an' you love me.

Viol. In troth 'tis a fine outside.

Phil. I see that. He takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither, quick, quick, wench.

Mar. Nay, look upon't, and spare not: every one cannot get that kind of warrant from me, signior. Do you see this prick i' th' bottom, it betokens power and speed, it is a privy mark that runs between the constables and my master. Those that cannot read, when they see this, know 'tis for letchery or murder; and this being away, the warrant comes gelded, and insufficient.

Fra. I thank you, sir.

There's for thy pains, mine must go unrewarded. [*Exit.*

Mar. Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever penman was bless'd withal: now will he come for another to-morrow again; if he hold on this course, he will leave never a knave i' th' town within this twelvemonth: no matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

Phil. Martino?

Mar. Say you, forsooth?

Phil. What paper's that the gentleman let fall there?

Mar. Paper? 'Tis the warrant, I hope; if it be I'll hide it, and make him pay for't again. No, pox; 'tis not so happy.

Phil. What is't, firrah?

Mar. 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.

Phil. Is that nothing?

Mar. Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.

Phil. A letter! why, it has been many a man's undoing, sir.

Mar. So has a warrant, an' you go to that, mistress.

Phil. Read but the superscription, and away with't. Alas it may concern the gentleman nearly.

Man. Why, Mistress, this letter is at home already.

Phil. At home! how mean you, sir?

Mar. You shall hear, mistress. *To the deservingest of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, Philippa Brandino.*

Phil. How, sir, tome?

Mar. To you, Mistress.

Phil.

The Double Disappointment.

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Phil. Run, as thou lov'st my honour, and thy life,
Call him again, I'll not endure this injury :
But stay, stay now I think on't, 'tis my credit,
I'll have your master's counsel ; ah, base fellow !
To leave his loose lines thus ; 'tis even as much
As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing,
Had I not a grave wise man to my husband :
And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
Thou car'st not whom

Mar. Alas, 'tis my office, mistress. A man that has a
place must take money of any body : please you to throw
me down but half a dollar, and I'll make you a warrant
for him.

Phil. Well, look you be clear now from this foul con-
spiracy
Against mine honour ; or your master's love to you
That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here. [*Exit.*

Mar. This is strange to me now :
Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to new-year's tide ?

Enter BRANDINO the Justice, and PHILIPPA.

Phil. If this be a wrong to modest reputation
Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master
Both of your fame and mine.

Bran. Signior Francisco?
I'll make him fly the land.

Mar. That will be hard, sir ;
I think he be not so well feather'd, master ;
He has spent the best part of his patrimony.

Phil. Thou art his confederate.

Bran. There thou art bitter ;
And I must chide thee now.

Phil. What should I think, sir ?
He comes to your man for warrants.

Bran. There it goes then ;
Come hither, knave : Comes he to you for warrants ?

Mar. Why, what of that, sir ?
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds,
That comes by fortune, and by nature, sir.

Bran. True, that comes by fortune, and by nature.
Wife, why dost thou wrong this man ?

Mar.

Mar. He needs no warrant, master, that goes about such business, a cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about him.

Bran. La! has he answer'd well now?
What cause hast thou to abuse him?

Phil. Hear me out, I pray:
Through his admittance, he has had an opportunity
To come into the house, and court me boldly.

Bran. Sirrah, you're foul again, methinks.

Mar. Who I, sir?

Bran. You gave this man admittance into th' house.

Mar. That's true, sir, you never gave me any order
yet

To write my warrants in the street.

Bran. Why sure thou take'st delight to wrong this fellow, wife, because I love him.

Phil. See what he has left behind here:
There's few wives would do as I do.

Bran. Nay, I'll say that for thee,
I ne'er found thee but honest.

Phil. She's a beast
That ever was found otherways.

Bran. Read, *Martino*,
Mine eyes are sore already, and such business
Would put 'em out quite.

Mar. [reads.] *Fair, dear, and incomparable mistress,—*

Bran. Oh! every letter draws a tooth, methinks.

Mar. And it leads mine to watering.

Phil. Here's no villany?

Mar. *My love being so violent, and the Opportunity so precious in your husband's absence to-night, who, as I understand, takes a journey this morning.*

Bran. Oh plot of villany!

Phil. Am I honest think you, sir?

Bran. Exactly honest, perfectly improved. On, on, *Martino*.

Mar. *I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this long desired opportunity, at the back gate, between nine and ten this night.*

Bran. I feel this inns-a-court man in my temples.

Mar. *Where if your affection be pleased to receive me,*

The Double Disappointment.

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you receive the faithfullest that ever vow'd service to woman. — Francisco.

Bran. I will make *Francisco* smart for't.

Phil. Shew him the letter, let him know you know him,

That will torment him: all your other courses
Are nothing, sir, to that: that breaks his heart.

Bran. The strings shall not hold long then. Come,
Martino.

Phil. Now if *Francisco* have any wit at all,
He comes at night; if not, he never shall. [Exeunt.]

Scæna II.

Enter FRANCISCO, RICARDO, and ATTILIO.

Ric. Nay, mark, mark it, *Francisco*: It was the naturallest curtesy that ever was ordained, a young gentleman being spent, to have a rich widow set him up again: to see how fortune has provided for all mortality's ruins, your college for your old standing scholar, your hospital for your lame creeping soldier, your bawd for your mangled rorer, your open house for your beggar, and your widow for your gentleman: ha, *Francisco*!

Fra. Ay, sir, you may be merry: you're in hope of a rich widow.

Ric. And why shouldst not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee; thou art as likely a fellow as any is in the company. I'll be hang'd now if I do not hit the true cause of thy sadness, and confess truly i'faith; thou hast some land unfold yet, I hold my life.

Fra. Marry I hope so, sir.

Ric. A pox on't, have I found it? 'sliight, away with it with all speed, man. I was never merry at heart while I had a foot: why, man, fortune never minds us, till we are left alone to ourselves: for what need she take care for them, that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have look'd after a rich widow? Alas, I should have married some poor young maid, got five and twenty children, and undone myself.

Fra.

Fra. I should not have the face to come to a rich widow with nothing.

Ric. Why, art thou so simple as thou mak'st thyself? Dost think i'faith I come to a rich widow with nothing?

Fra. I mean with state not answerable to hers.

Ric. Why there's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on; She knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

Fra. That's strange, sir.

Ric. Nay, more to pierce thy hard heart, and make thee sell thy land, if thou hast any grace: she has, 'mongst others, two substantial suitors; One, in good time be't spoke, I owe much money to, She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her, Nor dares the unconscionable rascal trouble me; Sh'as told him thus, those that profess love to her Shall have the liberty to come and go, Or else get him gone first.

Fra. Why this is like a woman: I ha' no luck in't.

Ric. And as at a sheriff's table, O blest custom!

A poor indebted gentleman may dine,
Feed well, and without fear, and depart so,
So to her lips fearless I come and go.

Fra. You may well boast, you're much the happier man, sir.

Ric. So you would be, an' you would sell your land, sir.

Fra. I have heard the circumstance of your sweet fortunes: Prithce give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ric. That's an ill hearing; but come on for once, sir.

Fra. I never yet lov'd but one woman.

Ric. Right, I begun so too; but I have loved a thousand since.

Fra. Pray hear me, sir; but this is a man's wife.

Ric. So has five hundred of my thousand been.

Fra. Nay see, and you'll regard me.

Ric. No; you see I do,

I bring you an example in for every thing.

Fra. This man's wife.

Ric. So you said.

Fra. Seems very strict.

Ric. Ha! ha! ha!

Fra. Do you laugh at that?

Ric. Seems very strict, you said.

The Double Disappointment.

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Fra. But why should that make you laugh?

Ric. Because she seems so.

Fra. Nay, sir, I think she is.

Ric. You cannot tell then.

Fra. I dare not ask the question, I protest,
For fear of a repulse, which yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still.

Ric. Not ask the question?

Fra. Methought still she frown'd, sir?

Ric. Why that's the cause, fool, that she look'd so
scurvily.

Come, come, make me your woman, you'll ne'er do't else,
I'll shew you her condition presently.

I perceive you must begin like a young vaulter, and get
up at horse-tail, before you get into the saddle: have you
the boldness to utter your mind to me now, being but in
hose and doublet? I think if I should put on a farthingale,
thou would'st never have the heart to do't.

Fra. Perhaps I should not then for laughing at you, sir.

Ric. In the mean time, I fear I shall laugh at thee
without one.

Fra. Nay, you must think, friend, I dare speak to a
woman.

Ric. You shall pardon me for that, friend; I will not
think it, till I see't.

Fra. Why, you shall then: I shall be glad to learn too,
Of one so deep as you are.

Ric. So you may, sir: now 'tis my best course to look
mildly, I shall put him out at first else.

Fra. A word, sweet lady.

Ric. With me, sir: say your pleasure.

Fra. O Ricardo,

Thou art too good to be a woman long.

Ric. Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove
Too scornful, be content when you're well used.

Fra. You say well, sir. Lady, I have lov'd you long.

Ric. 'Tis a good hearing, sir. If he be not out now
I'll be hang'd.

Fra. You play a scornful woman, I perceive, Ricardo:
You have not been us'd to 'em: Why I'll come in at my
pleasure with you: Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to talk,
when

when a woman gives way to't : one shall seldom meet with a lady so kind as thou play'dst her.

Ric. Not altogether, perhaps : he that draws their pictures must flatter 'em a little.

Fra. Come, come, I'll play the woman, that I'm us'd to,

I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet.

Ric. Say you so, sir?

I'll try your ladyship : 'faith. *Lady.* well met.

Fra. I do not think so, sir.

Ric. My widow never gave me such an answer ; I'll to you again, sir.

Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely.

Fra. There's no body bids you, sir.

Ric. Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest cross'est baggage that ever man met withal ; but I'll see thee hang'd, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this.

Fra. Hang thee, base fellow !

Ric. Nay, then have at your plumb-tree, 'faith, I'll not be foil'd.

Though you seem to be careless, madam, yet I do, must, and will love you.

Fra. Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll call my woman.

Ric. What a pestilent quean's this ! I shall have much ado with her, I see that ; tell me, as you're a woman-lady, what serve kisses for, but to stop all your mouths?

Fra. Hold, hold, *Ricardo.*

Ric. Disgrace me, widow.

Fra. Art mad ! I'm *Francisco* !

Att. Signior *Ricardo*, up, up.

Ric. Who is't ? *Francisco* !

Fra. *Francisco*, quotha ! What, ate you mad, sir?

Ric. A plague on thee ! thou dost not know what injury thou hast done me ; I was i' th' fairest dream. This is your way now, and you can follow it.

Fra. 'Tis a strange way, methinks.

Ric. Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully then ; For I am like the actor that you spoke on, I must have the part that overcomes the lady, I never like the play else. — Now your friendship, But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,

And

The Double Disappointment.

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And the rich widow's mine within these three hours.

Att. Fra. We should be proud of that, sir.

Ric. List to me then.

I'll place you two, I can do it handsomely
I know the house so well, to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I, she's a most affable one,
Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract,
Then shall you both step in as witnesses,
And take her in the snare.

Fra. But do you love her?

Ric. By this hand I do,
Not for her wealth, but for her person.

Fra. It shall be done then.

Ric. But stay, stay, *Francisco*,
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence,
now?

Fra. Why, hark you, sir.

[*Whisper.*

Ric. Enough, command my life,
Get me the widow, I'll get thee the wife.

[*Exeunt Ricardo and Attilio.*

Fra. Oh that's now with me past hope; yet I must love
her,
I would I could not do it.

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

Mar. Yonder's the villain, master.

Bran. *Francisco*! I am happy.

Mar. Let's both draw, master, for there's no body
with him. Stay, stay, master,
Do not you draw till I be ready too,
Let's draw just both together, and keep ev'n.

Bran. What, and we kill'd him now before he saw us?

Mar. No, then he will hardly see to read the letter.

Bran. That's true: good counsel, marry.

Mar. Marry, thus much, sir,

You may kill him lawfully all the while he's a reading on't,
as an anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife all the while
he's asleep.

Bran. He turns: Come on, sir, you, *Francisco*;
I lov'd your father well, but you're a villain!
He lov'd me well too; but you love my wife, sir:

I

After

After whom take you that? I will not say
Your mother play'd false.

Fra. No, sir, you were not best.

Bran. But I will say, in spite of thee, my wife's honest.

Mar. And I, my mistress.

Fra. You may, I'll give you leave.

Bran. Leave, or leave not, there, she defies you, sir;
Keep your adulterous sheet to wind you in,
Or cover your forbidden parts at least,
For fear you want one.

Mar. Nay, read, and tremble, sir.

Mar. Now shall I do it, master; I see a piece of an
open seam in his shirt, shall I run him in there, for my
sword has ne'er a point?

Bran. No, let him foam a while.

Mar. If your sword be no better than mine, we shall
not kill him by day-light, we had need have a lanthorn.

Bran. Talk not of lanthorns, he's a sturdy lecher,
He would make the horns fly about my ears.

Fra. I apprehend thee: admirable woman,
Which to love best I know not, thy wit or beauty.

Bran. Now, sir, have you well view'd your bastard
there?

'Give you joy on't.

Fra. I thank you, sir, although you speak in jest,
I must confess, I sent your wife this letter,
And often courted, tempted, and urg'd her.

Bran. Did you so, sir?

Then first, before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my house.

Mar. And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee my of-
fice; die to-morrow next; thou never get'st warrant of
me more, for love or money.

Fra. Remember but again from whence I came, sir,
And then I know you cannot think amiss of me.

Bran. How's this?

Mar. Pray hear him: it may grow to a peace:
For, master, though we have carried the business nobly,
we are not altogether so valiant as we should be.

Bran. Peace, thou say'st true in that; what is't you'd
say, sir?

Fra. Was not my father and you sworn brothers?

Bran. Why, right; that's it urges me.

Fra.

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Fra. And could you have a thought that I could wrong you?

Bran. You took the course, sir.

Fra. To make you happy, if you rightly weigh'd it.
You in years
Married a young maid: what does the world judge, think you?

Mar. By'r lady, master, knavishly enough, I warrant you,
I should do so myself.

Fra. Now to damp slander,
And all her envious and suspicious brood,
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,
Being son to him you loved; that now confirm'd,
I might advance my sword against the world
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.

Mar. Oh, master, let me weep, while you embrace him.

Bran. *Francisco*, is thy father's soul in thee?
Lives he here still? give me thy hand,
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me:
Prithee forgive me.

Mar. And me too, prithee.

Bran. Come to my house, thy father never mis'd it.

Mar. Fetch now as many warrants as you please, sir,
And welcome too, but bring Money.

Fra. To see how soon man's goodness
May be abused.

Bran. But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have.

Fra. Sir, I take it:

A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it. [*Exit.*]

Bran. *Martino*, I applaud my fortune, and thy counsel.

Mar. You never have ill fortune when you follow it.
And now you may take your journey.

Bran. Thou art my glee, *Martino*. [*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus primi.

ACTUS II. Scæna I.

Enter VALERIA the widow and a Servant.

Val. Servellio.

Ser. Mistress.

Val. If that fellow come again,

Answer him without me: I'll not speak with him.

Ser. He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forsooth.

Val. Ay, that spiced coxcomb, sir: Never may I marry again,

If his right worshipful idolatrous face

Be not most fearfully painted. I'm a woman,

Yet I praise heaven, I never had the ambition

'To go about to mend a better workman,

She ever shames herself in the end that does it.

He that likes me not now, as heaven made me,

I will never hazard hell to do him a pleasure:

A wise man likes that best, that is itself,

Not that which only seems, though it look fairer;

Heaven send me one that loves me, and I'm happy,

Of whom I'll make great tryal ere I have him,

Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly,

I learn that of my suitors, 'tis their own,

Therefore injustice 'twere to keep it from 'em

Enter RICARDO.

Ric. And so as I said, sweet widow.

Val. Do you begin where you left, sir?

Ric. I always desire, when I come to a widow, to begin in the middle of a sentence, for I presume she has a bad memory of a woman that cannot remember what goes before.

Val. Stay, stay, Sir, let me look upon you well, Are not you painted too?

Ric. How, painted, widow?

Val. Not painted widow, I do not use it, trust me, sir.

Ric. That makes me love thee.

Val. I mean painted Gentleman.

Ric. But is there such a fellow in the world, widow, As you are pleased to talk on?

Val.

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Val. Nay, here lately, sir.

Ric. Here? Do but shew him me, widow, and let me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld him, and grind his face upon one of the stones.

Val. Suffices you have exprest me your love and valour, and manly hate against that unmanly pride: but, sir, I'll save you that labour, he never comes within my door again.

Ric. I'll love your door the better while I know't, widow; a pair of such brothers were fitter for posts without door indeed, to make a shew at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than to be used in a woman's chamber: no, sweet widow, having me, you've the truth of a man, all that you see of me is full mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be yours: I ever hated to be beholden to art, or to borrow any thing but money.

Francisco and Attilio stand unseen.

Val. True, and that you never use to pay again.

Ric. What matter is't? if you be pleased to do't
For me, I hold it as good.

Val. Oh, soft you, sir, I pray.

Ric. Why, i'faith, you may an' you will.

Val. I know that, sir.

Ric. Troth, and I would have my will then, if I were
as you.

There's few women else but has.

Val. But since I cannot have it in all, signior, I care not to have it in any thing.

Ric. Why, you may have it in all, an' you will, widow.

Val. Pish, I would have one that loves me for myself,
sir,

Not for my wealth: and that I cannot have.

Ric. What say you to him that does the thing you wish for?

Val. Why here's my hand, I'll marry none but him then.

Ric. Your hand and faith.

Val. My hand and faith.

Ric. 'Tis I then.

Val. I shall be glad on't, trust me; 'threw my heart else.

Ric. A match.

Enter Francisco and Attilio.

Fra. Give you joy, sweet widow.

Att. Joy to you both.

Val. How?

Ric. Nay, there's no starting now, I have you fast, widow,

You're witness, gentlemen.

Fra. Att. We'll be deposed on't.

Val. Am I betray'd to this then? then I see 'Tis for my wealth; a woman's wealth's her traitor.

Ric. 'Tis for love chiefly, I protest, sweet widow, I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.

Val. Hence.

Ric. Why, thou'rt mine.

Val. I do renounce it utterly.

Ric. Have I not hand and faith?

Val. Sir, take your course.

Ric. With all my heart; ten courses an' you will, widow.

Val. Sir, sir, I'm not so gamesome as you think me, I'll stand you out by law.

Ric. By law! O cruel, merciless woman! To talk of law, and know I have no money.

Val. I will consume myself to the last stamp, Before thou gett'st me.

Ric. 'Life, I'll be as wilful then too: I'll rob all the carriers in Christendom, but I'll have thee, and find my lawyer's money:

I scorn to get thee under *forma pauperis*, I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.

Val. As for you, gentlemen, I'll take course against you;

You came into my house without my leave, Your practices are cunning and deceitful; I know you not, and I hope law will right me.

Ric. It is sufficient that your husband knows 'em, 'Tis not your business to know every man, An honest wife contents herself with one.

Val. You know what you shall trust to, pray depart, sir, And take your rude confederates along with you, Or I will send for those shall force your absence:

I'm

The Double Disappointment.

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I'm glad I found your purpose out so soon.

Ric. Lose thee? by this hand I'll see fifteen Counsellors first, though I undo a hundred poor men for 'em, and I'll make 'em yaul one another deaf, but I'll have thee,

Val. Me?

Ric. Thee.

Val. Ay, fret thy heart out.

[Exit Ricardo.]

Fra. Were I he now,
I'd see thee starve for man before I had thee.

Val. Pray counsel him to that; sir, and I'll pay you well.

Fra. Pay me? pay your next husband.

Val. Do not scorn it, gallant: a worse woman than I
Has paid a better man than you. [Exeunt Att. and Fra.]

Enter MUCKWORM and GRIPUS.

Muck. Why how now, sweet widow?

Val. Oh kind gentlemen,
I'm so abused here.

Ambo. Abused!

Val. What will you do, sirs? put up your weapons.

Grip. Nay, they're not so easily drawn, that I must tell you, mine has not been out these three years; marry, in your cause, widow, 'twould not be long a drawing.
Abused! by whom, widow?

Val. Nay, by a beggar.

Grip. A beggar! I'll have him whipt then, and sent to the house of correction.

Val. Ricardo, sir.

Grip. Ricardo! nay, by the mass, he's a gentleman beggar, he'll be hang'd before he be whipt. Why, you'll give me leave to clap him up, I hope?

Val. 'Tis too good for him.

He placed two of his companions privately,
Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me
In my kind answers, and at last stole from me,
That which I fear will put me to some trouble,
A kind of verbal curtesy, which his witnesses,
And he forsooth, call by the name of contract.

Muck. O politic villain!

Val. But I'm resolved, gentlemen,
If the whole power of my estate can cast him,

He

He never shall obtain me.

Grip. Hold you there, widow.

Well fare your heart for that, i'faith.

Muck. Stay, stay, stay,

You broke no gold between you?

Val. We broke nothing, sir.

Muck. Nor drunk to one another?

Val. Not a drop, sir.

Muck. You're sure of this you speak?

Val. Most certain, sir.

Muck. Be of good comfort, wench, I'll undertake then,
At mine own charge, to overthrow him for thee.

Val. O do but that, sir, and you bind me to you,
Here shall I try your goodness. I'm but a woman,
And, alas, ignorant in law businesses,
I'll bear the charge most willingly.

Muck. Not a penny,
Thy love will reward me.

Val. And where love must be,
It is all but one purse now I think on't.

Muck. All comes to one, sweet widow.

Grip. Are you so forward?

Muck. I know his mates, *Attilio* and *Francisco*;
I'll get out process, and attach 'em all,
We'll begin first with them.

Val. I like that strangely.

Muck. I have a daughter run away, I thank her,
I'll be a scourge to all youth for her sake:
Some of 'em has got her up.

Val. Your daughter! what, sir, *Martia*?

Muck. Ay, a shake wed her.

I would have married her to a wealthy gentleman
No older than myself.

Val. It was too happy for her.

Muck. I'm of thy mind.

Farewell, sweet widow, I'll about this strait,
I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
And so save charges.

Val. How I love your providence. [*Exit Muckworm.*]

Grip. Is my nose bore'd? I'll cross ye both for this,
Although it cost me as much o' th' other side,
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

I may

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I may get out of her what may undo her too;
Hark you, sweet widow, you must now take heed
You be of a sure ground, he'll overthrow you else.

Val. Marry, fair hope forbid.

Grip. That will he: marry let me see, let me see:
pray how far past it between you and *Ricardo*?

Val. Farther, sir,
Than I would now it had, but I hope well yet.

Grip. Pray let me hear it: I've a shrewd guess o' th'
law.

Val. Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith
To marry none but him.

Grip. Indeed?

Val. Ay, trust me, sir.

Grip. I'm very glad on't, I'm another witness,
And he shall have you now.

Val. What said you, sir?

Grip. He shall not want money in an honest cause, wi-
dow,

I know I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Val. Are all the world betrayers?

Grip. Pish, pish, widow;
You've borne me in hand this three months, and now fob'd
me.

I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Val. This only shews your malice to me, sir;
The world knows you have small reason to help him,
So much in your debt already.

Grip. Therefore I do't;
I have no way but that to help myself;
Though I lose you, I will not lose all, widow;
He marrying you, as I will follow't for him,
I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.

Val. I look'd for this from you.

[Exit.]

Grip. I have not deceived you then:
Fret, vex, and chafe, I'm obstinate where I take.
I'll seek him out, and cheer him up against her;
I have no charge at all, no child of mine own,
But two I got once of a scowring woman,
And they're both well provided for, they're i' th' hospital.
I have twice ten thousand pound to bury me, and I will
have my humour.

[Exit.
Scana

Scæna II.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fra. A man must have a time to serve his pleasure,
As well as his friend. I'm forced to steal from 'em.
What says her amiable witty letter here?
'Twixt nine and ten, now 'tis 'twixt six and seven,
Sun sets at eight, it's above an hour high yet.

Enter MUCKWORM with Officers.

Muck. Here's one of 'em, begin with him first, officers.

Officer. By vertue of this writ we attach your body, sir.

Fra. My body! 'life, for what?

Muck. Hold him fast, officers.

Officer. The least of us can do't, now his sword's off, sir,

We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,
We never lose a man.

Fra. O treacherous fortune!

Why, what's the cause?

Muck. The widow's business, sir,
I hope you know me?

Fra. For a busie old coxcomb, I take it.

Muck. Oh you're mad, sir;
Simple though you make me, I stand for the widow.

Fra. She's simply stood for then: what's this to me, sir.
Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?

Muck. You're like to find good bail before you leave us,
Or lie till the suit's try'd.

Fra. Curs'd fortune!

Muck. I'm put in trust to follow't, and I'll do't with all
severity;
Build upon that, sir.

Enter RICARDO and ATTILIO.

Ric. Look, here's *Francisco*.

Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?

Att. 'Tis strange to me.

Ric.

Ric. I tell you 'tis his fashion,
He never stole away in's life from me,
But still I found him in such scurvy company;
A pox on thee, *Francisco*, wilt never leave thy old
Tricks, are these lousy Companions for thee?

Fra. Pish, pish, pish.

Muck. Here they be all three now: 'prehend 'em,
officers.

Ric. What's this?

Fra. I gave you warning enough to make away,
I'm in for the widow's business, so are you now.

Ric. What, all three in a noose? this is like a widow's
business, indeed.

Muck. She has catch'd you, gentlemen, as you catch'd
her.

The widow means now to begin with you, sir.

Ric. I thank her heartily, she has taught me wit: for
had I been any but an ass, I should have begun with her:
by this light, the widow's a notable house-wife, she bestirs
herself, I have a greater mind to her now than e'er I had:
I cannot go to prison for one I love better, I protest,
that's one good comfort,

And what are you, I pray, sir, for a coxcomb?

Muck. It seems you know me by your anger, sir.

Ric. I've a near guess at you, sir.

Muck. Guess what you please, sir,
I'm he ordain'd to trounce you, and, indeed,
I am the man must carry her.

Ric. Ay, to me.

But I'll swear she's a beast an' she carry thee.

Muck. Come, where's your bail, sir, quickly, or away.

Ric. Let's bail one another, for, by this hand, I do not
know who will else. [*Enter Gripus.*] 'Odds 'light is he
come too? I'm in for midnight then, I shall never find
the way out again: I'm like to dye i' th' hole now, or live
by robbing the prison basket.

Muck. We have him fast, old signior, and his consorts,
Now you may lay action on action on him.

Grip. That may I sir, i'faith.

Muck. And I'll not spare him, sir.

Grip. Know you me, officers?

Officer. Your bounteous worship, sir.

Ric.

Ric. I know the rascal so well, I dare not look upon him.

Grip. Upon my worth deliver me that gentleman.

Fra. Which gentleman?

Grip. Not you, fir, you're too hasty;

No, nor you neither, fir, pray stay your time.

Ric. There's all but I now, and I dare not think he means me.

Grip. Deliver me *Ricardo*.

Ric. O sure he lies,

Or else I do not hear well.

Officer. Signior *Ricardo*.

Ric. Well, what's the matter?

Officer. You may go, who let's you?

Officer. It is his worship's pleasure, fir, to bail you.

Ric. Bail me?

Grip. I will, I, fir, look in my face, man,
Thou'lt a good cause, thou'lt pay me when thou'rt able?

Ric. Ay, every penny, as I am a gentleman.

Grip. No matter, if thou dost not, then I'll make thee,
And that's as good at all times.

Muck. But I pray, fir,
You go against the hair there.

Grip. Against the widow you mean, fir:
Why, 'tis my purpose truly, and against you too:
I saw your politick combination,
I was thrust out between you: here stands one
Shall do as much for you;
His cause is strong and fair, nor shall he want
Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her,
I've enough, and I will have my humour.

Muck. Hang thee! I have a purse as good as thine.

Ric. 'Heart, an' I take you railing at my patron, fir,
I'll cramp your joints.

Grip. Let him alone, sweet honey,
I thank thee for thy love though.

Ric. This is wonderful.

Fra. Oh *Ricardo*,

'Tis seven, struck in my pocket: I lose time now.

Ric. What say'st, *Francisco*?

Fra. I ha' mighty business,
That I ne'er thought on: get me bail'd, I'm spoil'd
else.

Ric.

Ric. Why you know, 'tis such a strange miraculous curtesy,

I dare not be too forward, to ask more of him,
For fear he repent this, and turn me in again.

Fra. Do somewhat an' you love me.

Ric. I'll make trial, 'faith :

May't please you, fir, —

Grip. What say'st, *Ricardo*?

Ric. Only a thing by the way, fir,
Use your own pleasure.

Grip. That I like well from thee.

Ric. 'Twere good those two gentlemen were bail'd too,
They're both my witnesses.

Grip. They're well, they're well:
An' they were bail'd, we know not where to find 'em,
Let 'em go to prison, they'll be forth-coming the better;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Ric. I knew there was no more good to be done upon him.

Fra. What plaguy luck had I to be ensnared thus?

Pox on your comfortable ignorance.

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

Bran. *Martino*, we ride slow.

Mar. But we ride sure, fir,
Your hasty riders often come short home, master.

Bran. Bless this fair company.

Fra. Here he is again too,
I am both shamed and cross'd.

Bran. See'st thou who's yonder, *Martino*?

Mar. We ride slow, I'll be sworn now, master.

Bran. How now, *Francisco*, art thou got before me?

Fra. Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before you.

Bran. What now! in hold?

Ric. Your worship, fir, may do a good deed to bail him.

Bran. Why do not you do't then?

Mar. La you, fir, now, my master has that honestly,
He's loth to take a good deed from you, fir.

Ric. I'll tell you why I cannot, else I would, fir.

Fra. Luck, I beseech thee,

If he should be wrought to bail me now to go to his wife,
'twere happiness beyond-expression.

Bran. A matter but of controversy.

Ric. That's all, trust me, sir.

Bran. *Francisco* shall ne'er lie for't; he's my friend,
And I will bail him.

Mar. He's your secret friend, master;
Think upon that.

Bran. Give him his liberty, officers;
Upon my peril, he shall be forth-coming.

Fra. How I am bound to you?

Muck. Know you whom you cross, sir?

'Tis at your sister's-suit, be well advised, sir.

Bran. How, at my sister's suit? take him again then.

Fra. Why, sir, do you refuse me?

Bran. I'll not hear thee.

Ric. This is unkindly done, sir.

Muck. 'Tis wisely done, sir.

Grip. Well shot, foul malice.

Muck. Flattery stinks worse, sir.

Ric. You'll never leave till I make you stink as bad, sir.

Fra. Oh *Martino*, have I this for my late kindness?

Mar. Alas poor gentleman, dost complain to me?
Thou shalt not fare the worse for't: hark you, master,
Your sister's suit said you?

Bran. Ay, sir, my wife's sister.

Mar. And shall that daunt you, master? think again.
Why were't your mother's suit, your mother's suit,
Mark what I say, the dearest suit of all suits,
You're bound in conscience, sir, to bail this gentleman.

Bran. Yea, am I so, how prove'st thou that, *Martino*?

Mar. Have you forgot so soon what he did lately?
Has he not try'd your wife to your hand, master?
And can you do too much for such a man?
Shall it be said I serve an ungrateful master?

Bran. Never, *Martino*, I will bail him now,
An' 'twere at my wife's suit.

Fra. 'Tis like to be so.

Mar. And I his friend, to follow your example, master.

Fra. Precious *Martino*.

Muck. You've done wondrous well, sir.
Your sister shall give you thanks.

Ric. This makes him mad, sir.

Grip. We'll follow't now to the proof.

Muck. Follow your humour out,
The widow shall find friends.

Grip. And so shall he, sir,
Money and means.

Ric. Hear you me that, old huddle.

Grip. Mind him not, follow me, and I'll supply thee,
Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees,
I've bury'd money enough to bury me,
And I will have my humour. [Exit.

Bran. Fare thee well once again, my dear *Francisco*,
I prithee use my house.

Fran. It is my purpose, sir.

Bran. Nay, you must do't then; though I'm old, I'm
free. [Exit.

Mar. And when you want a warrant come to me. [Exit.

Fra. That will be shortly now, within these few hours.
This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse,
I shall be nighted; but an hour or two
Never breaks square in love; he comes in time
That comes at all; absence is all love's crime. [Exit.

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus III. Scæna I.

*Enter OCCULTO, SILVIO, and two or three other
Thieves.*

Occ. **C**ome, come, let's watch th' event on yonder
hill;

If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.

Sil. Ay, and with safety too, the hill being watch'd,
sir.

Occ. Come, come away then. [Exeunt.

Enter LATROCINIO singing, and ANSALDO.

La. [sings.] Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.

Ans. Troth you're the merriest, and delightfulest com-
pany, sir,

That ever Traveller was blest withal,

I praise my fortune that I overtook you, fir.

La. Pish, I've a hundred of 'em.

Ans. And believe me, fir,
I'm infinitely taken with such things.

La. I see there's musick in you, you kept time me-
thought

Pretty and handsomly with your little hand there.

Ans. It only shews desire, but troth no skill, fir.

La. Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill, fir,
I'll have another for you.

Ans. It rids way pleasantly.

La. Let me see now : one confounds another, fir,
You've heard this certainly, *Come, my dainty doxies,* —

Ans. Oh, that's all the country over, fir,
There's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd.

La. Well, here comes one I'm sure you never heard
then.

Song.

*I keep my horse, I keep my whore,
I take no rents, yet am not poor ;
I traverse all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot.
With partridge plump, with woodcock fine
I do at midnight often dine ;
And if my whore be not in case,
My hostess' daughter has her place.
The maids sit up and watch their turns,
If I stay long the tapster mourns ;
The cook-maid has no mind to sin,
Though tempted by the chamberlain :
But when I knock, oh how they bustle,
The ostler yawns, the geldings juffle.
If maid but sleep. oh how they curse her !
And all this comes of, Deliver your purse, fir.*

Ans. How, fir ?

La. Few words: quickly come, deliver your purse,
fir.

Ans. You're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, fir,
To sing me out of my money ?

La. 'Tis most fit

Art should be rewarded: you must pay your musick, fir,
Where'er

Where'er you come.

Ans. But not at your own carving.

La. Nor am I common in't: come, come, your purse, fir.

Ans. Say it should prove the undoing of a gentleman?

La. Why, fir, do you look for more conscience in us than in usurers? young gentleman, you've small reason for that, i'faith.

Ans. There 'tis, and all I have; and so truth comfort me,

All I know where to have.

La. Sir, that's not written

In my belief yet; search, 'tis a fine evening,
Your horse can take no harm: I must have more, fir.

Ans. May my hopes perish, if you have not all, fir,
And more I know than your compassionate charity
Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants,

La. Search, and that speedily: if I take you in hand,
You'll find me rough; methinks men should be ruled
When they're so kindly spoke to, fye upon't.

Ans. Good fortune and my wit assist me then,
A thing I took in haste, and never thought on't:
Look, fir, I've search'd, here's all that I can find,
And you're so covetous, you will have all you say,
And I'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to.

La. A pox o' that young devil of a handful long;
That has fraid many a tall thief from a rich purchase.

Ans. This and my money, fir, keeps company;
Where one goes the other must; assure your soul
They vow'd never to part.

La. Hold, I beseech you, fir.

Ans. You rob a prisoner's box, an' you rob me, fir.

La. There 'tis again.

Ans. I knew 't would never prosper with you;
Fye, rob a younger brother; oh, take heed, fir,
'Tis against nature that, perhaps your father
Was one, fir, or your uncle, it should seem so
By the small means was left you, and less manners:
Go, keep you still before me, and do you hear me,
To pass away the time to the next town,
I charge you, fir, sing all your songs for nothing.

La. Oh horrible punishment! — *A song.*

Enter STRATIO.

Stra. Honest gentleman.

Ans. How now, what art thou?

Stra. Stand you in need of help?

I made all haste I could, my master charged me;
A knight of worship; he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill.

Ans. Thanks, honest friend.

La. I taste this trick already.

[Exit.

Stra. Look, he's gone, fir,
Shall he be stop'd; what is he?

Ans. Let him go, fir,
He can rejoice in nothing, that's the comfort.

Stra. You have your purse still then?

Ans. Ay, thanks fair fortune,
And this grim handful.

Stra. We were all so 'fraid of you,
How my good lady cry'd, O help the gentleman,
'Tis a good woman that: but you're too mild, fir,
You should have mark'd him for a villain, 'faith,
Before he had gone, having so sound a means too.

Ans. Why there's the jest, man; he had once my
purse.

Stra. Oh villain, would you let him 'scape unmassa-
cred?

Ans. Nay, hear me, fir, I made him yield it straight
again,
And so hope blefs me, with an uncharged pistol.

Stra. 'Troth I should laugh at that.

Ans. It was discharged, fir,
Before I meddied with't.

Stra. I'm glad to hear it.

Ans. Why how now, what's your will?

Stra. Ho, *Latrocínio, Occulto, Silvio.*

Enter LATROCINIO, and the rest, OCCULTO, SILVIO,
FIDUCIO.

La. What, are you caught, fir?

Stra. The pistol cannot speak.

Ans. You've found out ways too merciless to betray,
Under the veil of friendship and of charity.

La.

The Double Disappointment.

31

La. Away, sirs, bear him in to the next cops, and strip him.

Stra. Brandino's cops, the justice?

La. Best of all, sir, a man of law:

A spider lies unsuspected in the corner of a buckram bag, man.

Ans. What seek you, sirs? take all, and use no cruelty.

La. You shall have songs enough.

Song.

*How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute:
From the usurer to his sons, there a current swiftly runs;
From the sons to queans in chief, from the gallant to the
thief,*

*From the thief unto his host, from the host to husbandmen;
From the country to the court, and so it comes to us again.*

*How round the world goes, and every thing that's in it,
The tides of gold and silver ebb and flow in a minute.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA above at the window.

Phil. What time of night is't?

Viol. Time of night do you call't?

It's so late 'tis almost early, mistress.

Phil. Fye on him, there's no looking for him then;
Why sure this gentleman apprehends me not.

Viol. 'Tis happy then you're rid of such a fool, mistress.

Phil. Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not out in this,
Which were a beaten path to any wiseman,
I'll never trust him with my reputation;
Therefore I made this trial of his wit,
If he cannot conceive what's good for himself,
He will worse understand what's good for me.

Viol. But suppose, mistress, as it may be likely,
He never saw your letter?

Phil. How thou pliest me
With suppositions: why, I tell thee, wench,
'Tis equally as impossible for my husband

To

32. *The WIDOW: Or,*

To keep it from him, as to be young again.

Viol. There's no remedy then,
I must conclude *Francisco* is an ass.

Phil. I would my letter, wench, were here again.
Come, girl, we will, and must forget him.
Come, let's in, and sing ourselves to sleep.

Viol. Were I thus baulk'd, I should be apt to weep.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANSALDO in his shirt.

Ans. I ha' got myself unbound: merciless villains!—
'Tis for my sins: That light in yonder window,
That was my only comfort in the woods,
Which oft the trembling of a leaf would lose me,
Has brought me thus far.
To knock will be too bold; I'll to the gate,
And listen if I can hear any stirring.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fra. Was ever man so cross'd?
These wenching businesses are strange unlucky things;
No mar'l so many gallants die ere thirty:
First arrested;
That set me back two mangey hours at least:
But here, within a mile o' th' town forsooth,
To light upon a roguish flight of thieves;
But one of my dear rascals I pursued so,
The gaol has him, and he shall bring out his fellows:
Had ever young man's love such crooked fortune?
I'm glad I'm so near yet; the surgeon bad me too
Have a great care; I shall never think of that now.

Ans. One of the thieves come back again? I'll stand
close;

He dares not wrong me now, so near the house.

Fra. 'Life! what should that be? a prodigious thing
Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too
Which always appears terrible.

Whate'er it be, it is made strong against me
By my ill purpose. For 'tis man's own sin
That puts on armour upon all his evils.

Why may't not be the spirit of my father
That lov'd this man so well, whom I make haste

Now

Now to abuse? And I have been cross'd about it
Most fearfully hitherto, if I well think on't;
Scap'd death but lately too, nay, most miraculously.

What delight has man

Now at this present, for his pleasant sin
Of yesterday's committing? alas, 'tis vanish'd,
And nothing but the sting remains within him.

The kind man bail'd me too; I will not do't now

An' 'twere but only that: how blest were man,

Might he but have his end appear still to him;

That he might read his actions in th' event?

Light, and the lighter mistress, both farewell.

He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell. *[Exit.]*

Ans. He's gone to call the rest, and makes all speed,

I'll knock whate'er befalls, to please my fears,

For no compassion can be less than theirs.

[Knocks at the gate.]

Enter VIOLETTA.

Viol. Oh, you're a sweet gallant, this your hour?

Give me your hand; come, come, sir, follow me,

I'll bring you to light presently: softly, softly, sir. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter VIOLETTA meeting PHILIPPA.

Viol. Oh mistress, mistress!

Phil. How now, what's the news?

Viol. Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and a half.

Phil. Hah!

Viol. They are scarce settled yet, mistress.

Phil. What's the matter?

Viol. Do you ask that seriously?

Did you not hear me squeak?

Phil. How? sure thou'rt out of thy wits, indeed.

Viol. Oh, I'm well now

To what I was, mistress.

Phil. Why, where's the gentleman?

Viol. The gentleman's forth-coming, and a lovely one,
But not *Francisco*.

Phil. What say'st? not *Francisco*!

Viol. Pish, he's a coxcomb, think not on him, mistress.

Phil. What's all this?

Viol.

Viol. I've often heard you say, you'd rather have
A wise man in his shirt than a fool feather'd,
And now fortune has sent you one, a sweet young gentle-
man,

Robb'd ev'n to nothing, but what first he brought with
him into the world.

The slaves had stript him to the very shirt, mistress,
I think it was a shirt, I know not well,
For gallants wear both now-a-days.

Phil. This is strange.

Viol. But for a face, a hand, and as much skin
As I durst look upon, he's a most sweet one:
I could not but in pity to the poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.

Phil. 'Twas charitably done.

Viol. Sweet youth, I'll be sworn, mistress, he's the
loveliest,

Properest young gentleman, and so you'll say yourself,
If my master's cloaths do not spoil him, that's all the fear
now.

Phil. Go, prithee fetch him in whom thou commend'st
so. [Exit Violetta.

Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much of him;
And better he deserves our love and welcome
Than the respectless fellow 'twas prepared for;
Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,
I will have trial of his wit and faith
Before I make him partner with my honour.
A distressed man's flatteries
Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison,
There's poor assurance in 'em.

Enter ANSALDO and VIOLETTA.

'Mass, here he comes.

Ans. Never was star-cross'd gentleman
More happy in a courteous virgin's love,
Than I in your's.

Viol. I'm sorry they're no better for you,
I wish'd 'em handsomer, and more in fashion,
But truly, sir, our house affords it not:
There's a suit of our clerk's hangs i' th' garret,
But that's far worse than this, if I may judge

With

With modesty of men's matters.

Ans. I deserve not

This, dear and kind gentlewoman.

Is that lady your mistress?

Phil. Why trust me, here's my husband young again,
It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.

Ans. I am so much indebted, courteous lady,
To the unmatch'd charity of your house
My thanks are such poor things they would but shame
me.

Phil. Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him: I fear
me

I have found wit enough already in him.

Viol. Nay, mistress, what would he be were he in
fashion,

A hempen curse on those that put him out on't,
That now appears so handsome and so comely in clothes,
Able to make a man an unbeliever,
And good for nothing but for shift or so?

Phil. I am sorry, gentle sir, we cannot shew you
A curtesy, in all points answerable
To your undoubted worth: your name I crave, sir.

Ans. *Ansaldo*, lady.

Phil. 'Tis a noble name, sir.

Please you, sir, to take a small repast,
For sure I think you were unluckily prevented of your
supper, sir.

Ans. My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shewn to me,
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you:
I am this morning to meet a friend
Upon my states establishing, and the place
Ten miles from hence: I am forced unwillingly
To crave your leave for't, which done, I return
In service plentiful.

Phil. Is't so important?

Ans. If I should fail, as much as my undoing.

Phil. I think too well of you to undo you, sir,
Upon this small acquaintance.

Ans. My great happiness.

Phil. But when should I be sure of you here again, sir?

Ans. As fast as speed can possibly return me.

Phil.

Phil. You will not fall?

Ans. May never wish go well with me then.

Phil. There's to bear your charges, sir. [*gives a Purse.*]

Ans. Courtesy dwells in you.

I brought my horse up with me from the woods,
That's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills too.
May your kind breast never want comfort, lady,
But still supply'd as liberally as you give.

Phil. Farewell, sir, and be faithful.

Ans. Time shall prove me. [*Exit.*]

Phil. In my opinion now, this young man's likeliest
To keep his word, he's modest, wise, and courteous,
He has the language of an honest soul in him:
A woman's reputation may lie safe there.

Viol. Good speed be with thee!

Phil. Violeta.

Viol. Mistress.

Phil. Alas, what have we done, wench?

Viol. What's the matter, mistress?

Phil. Run, run, call him again; he must stay, tell him,
Though it be upon's undoing, we're undone else;
Your master's cloaths, they're known the country over.

Viol. Now, by this light, that's true, and well remem-
bred,

But there's no calling of him, he's out of sight now.

Phil. Oh what will people think?

Viol. What can they think, mistress?

The gentleman has the worst on't: were I he now,
I'd make this ten mile forty mile about,
Before I'd ride through any market town with 'em.

Phil. Will he be careful think'st thou?

Viol. My life for yours, mistress.

Phil. I shall think long 'till his return again.

Viol. And so shall I, I shall ne'er smile 'till then.

[*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS IV. Scæna I.

Enter RICARDO and GRIPUS at one door, and VALERIA and MUCKWORM at another.

Ric. IT goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.
Grip. Ay, and shall still to th' end, to th' end,
my honey,

Wherefore have I enough, but to hav't go well, fir?

Muck. My whole 'state on't, thou overthrow'st him,
widow.

Val. I hope well still, fir.

Muck. Hope! be certain, wench;
I make no question now but thou art mine,
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-geer.

Val. By'r lady, that I doubt, fir.

Muck. Oh, 'tis clear, wench,
By one thing that I mark'd.

Val. What's that, good sweet, fir?

Muck. A thing that never fail'd me.

Val. Good fir, what?

Muck. I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort,
Invita voluntate, hah, that's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious chief, i'faith.

Val. *Invita voluntate*, what's the meaning, fir?

Muck. Nay there I leave you, but assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life
But the cause went on his side.

Grip. Do, do, and spare not; thou wouldst talk with
her.

Ric. Yes, with your leave and liking.

Grip. Do, my adoption,
My chosen child, an' thou hold'st so obedient,
Sure thou wilt live, and cozen all my kindred.

Ric. A child's part in your love, that's my ambition,
fir.

Grip. Go, and deserve it then: please me well now;
I love a wrangling life, boy, there's my delight;
I have no other venery but vexation,
That's all my honey now: smartly now to her,
I've enough, and I will have my humour.

L

Ric.

Ric. This need not ha' been, widow.

Val. You say right, fir.

No, nor your treachery, your close conspiracy
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither.

Ric. I had you fairly, I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you whom I reserved for wife.

Val. How, wife?

Ric. Ay, wife, wife, widow, be not ashamed on't,
It's the best calling ever woman came to.

Val. I grant you, fir, but not to be your wife.

Ric. Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain
That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid; but that's not yet this threescore
year,

Let's talk of nearer matters.

Val. You're as near, fir,

As e'er you're like to be, if Law can right me.

Ric. Now, before conscience, you're a wilful house-
wife.

Val. How?

Ric. Ay, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly.

Val. Your goods?

Ric. I shall miss much, I doubt me,
When I come to look over the inventory.

Val. I'll give you my word you shall, fir.

Ric. Look to't, widow,

A night may come will call you to account for't.

Val. Oh if you had me now, fir, in this heat,
How you'd be revenged on me.

Ric. Ay, may I perish else; if I would not get
Three Children at a birth an' I could of thee.

Muck. Take off your youngster there.

Grip. Take off your widow first,
He shall have the last word, I pay for't dearly;
To her again, sweet boy, that side's the weaker.
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

Val. O Brother, see, I'm up to th' ears in law here;
Look, copy upon copy.

Bra. 'Twere grief enough if a man did but hear on't,
But

But I'm in pain to see't.

Val. What, sore eyes still, brother?

Bra. Worse and worse, sister; the old woman's water
Does me no good.

Val. Why, it has help'd many, sir.

Bra. It helps not me, I'm sure.

Mar. Oh, oh.

Val. What ails *Martino* too?

Mar. Oh, oh, the tooth-ach, the tooth-ach.

Bra. Ah poor worm, this he endures for me now.

There beats not a more mutual pulse of passion,
In a kind husband when his wife breeds child,
Than in *Martino*; I have mark'd it ever;
He breeds all my pains in's teeth still; and to quit me,
It is his eye-tooth too.

Mar. Ay, ay, ay, ay.

Val. Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,
Good for all kind of maladies? true, true, sir,
His flag hangs out in town here i' th' cross inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions,
It shews him a great travelling and learned emperick.

Fra. We'll both to him, *Martino*.

Val. Hark you, brother,
Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.

Muck. Ay, about that, sweet widow.

Val. True; speak low, sir.

Bra. Well, what's the business, say, say.

Val. Marry this, brother.

Call the young man aside from the old wolf there,
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars
If he will vanish, and let fall the Suit,
And never put us to no more cost and trouble.

Muck. Say me those words, good sir, I'll make 'em
worth

A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Bra. I shall do much for that.

Val. Welcome, sweetheart,
Thou com'st most happily, I'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good.

Viol. I take delight, Madam,

In any such employment.

Muck. Good wench, trust me.

Ric. How, sir, let fall the suit? 'life I'll go naked first.

Bra. A thousand dollars, sir, think upon them.

Ric. Why, they're but a thousand dollars, when they're thought on.

Bra. A good round sum.

Ric. A good round widow's better,
There's meat and money too. I have been bought
Out of my lands, and yielded, but, sir, scorn
To be bought out of my affection.

Bra. Why, here's ev'n just my university spirit,
I prized a piece of red deer above gold then.

Ric. My patron would be mad, an' he should hear on't.

Mar. I pray what's good, sir, for a wicked tooth?

Ric. Hang'd, drawn, and quart'ring; is't a hollow one?

Mar. Ay, 'tis a hollow one.

Ric. Then take the powder
Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon.

Mar. Why, sure you mock me.

Ric. Troth I think I do, sir.

Grip. Come hither, honey; what's the news in whifpers?

Bra. He will not be bought out.

Val. No? that's strange, brother.

Pray take a little pains about this project then,
And try what that effects.

Bra. I like this better;

Look you, sweet gentles, see what I produce here
For amity's sake, and peace, to end all controversy;
This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,
Whom for her person, and her portion,
I could bestow most richly, but in pity
To her affection, which lies bent at you, sir,
I am content to yield to her desire.

Ric. At me?

Bra. But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd.
I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir,
And a maid too, and that's a thing worth thanks, sir:
Nay, one that has rid fifteen mile this morning
For your love only.

Grip. Honey, hearken after her;

Being

The Double Disappointment.

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Being rich, I can have all my money there ;
Ease my purse well, and never wage law further.
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.

Ric. Do you love me, forsooth ?

Viol. Oh, infinitely.

Ric. I do not ask thee, that I meant to have thee ;
But only to know what came in thy head to love me.

Viol. My time was come, sir, that's all I can say.

Ric. Alas, poor soul, where didst thou love me first,
prithee ?

Viol. In happy hour be't spoke, out of a window, sir.

Ric. A window ? prithee clap it too, and call it in
again.

What was I doing then should make thee love me ?

Viol. Twirling your band-string, which methought be-
came you so generously well.

Ric. 'Twas a good quality to chuse a husband for :
That love was likely to be ty'd in matrimony that begun
in a band-string : yet I have known as much come to pass
ere now upon a tassell. Fare you well, sister ; I may be
cozen'd in a maid, I cannot in a widow.

Grip. Art thou come home again ? stick'st thou there
still ?

I will defend thee still then.

Muck. Sir, your malice

Will have enough on't.

Grip. I will have my humour.

Muck. Beggary will prove the sponge.

Grip. Sponge i' thy gascorns,

Thy gaily-gascorns there.

Ric. Hah, brave protector.

Bra. I thought 'twould come to open wars again,
Let 'em agree as they will ; two testy fops,
I'll have a care of mine eyes.

Mar. I of my chops.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scæna II.

*Enter LATROCINIO and OCCULTO, (a banner of cures
and diseases hung out.)*

La. Away, out with the banner, send's good luck to-day.

Occ. I warrant you; your name's spread, fir, for an empiric;

There's an old mason, troubled with the stone,
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel,
He would have ease fain.

La. Marry, I cannot blame him, fir.
But how he will come by't, there lies the question.

Occ. You must do somewhat, fir, for he's swoln most
piteously;

H'as urine in him now was brew'd last *March*.

La. Let me see, I'll send him a whole musket-charge
of gun-powder.

Occ. Gunpowder! what, fir, to break the stone?

La. Ay, by my faith, fir,
It is the likeliest thing I know to do't;
I'm sure it breaks stone-walls and castles down,
I see no reason but it should break the stone.

Troth, if that do not,
I ha' nothing else that will.

Occ. I know that too.

La. Why then thou'rt a coxcomb to make question on't.
Go call in all the rest, I have employment for them.

When the high-ways grow thin with travellers,
And few portmanteaus stirring, as all trades
Have their dead time we see, thievery poor takings,
And letchery cold doings, and so forwards still;
Then do I take my inn, and those curmugeons,
Whose purses I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more ease here i' my chamber,
And make 'em come to me, it's more state-like too.

Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio,

Enter all the rest, SILVIO, STRATIO, FIDUCIO.

I will have none left out, I have parts for you all.

Sil.

Sil. For us? pray let's have 'em.

La. Change yourselves,
With all speed possible, into several shapes
Far from your own; as you a farmer, fir,
A grazier you, and you may be a miller.

Fid. Oh no, a miller comes too near a thief,
That may spoil all again.

La. Some country taylor then.

Fid. That's near enough, by'r lady, yet I'll venture
that;

The miller's a white devil, he wears his theft
Like innocence in badges most apparently,
The tailor modestly between his legs.

La. Why, pray, do you 'present that modest thief
then,

And hark you, for the purpose.

Sil. 'Twill improve you, fir.

La. 'Twill get believers; believe that, my masters;
Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer;
When you see any come, repair you to me
As samples of my skill; there are few arts
But have their shadows, firs, to set 'em off.
Make haste away, firs.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter OCCULTO.

Occ. Where are you, fir?

La. Not far, man: what's the news?

Occ. The old justice, fir, whom we robb'd once by
moon-light,

And bound his man and he, in haycock-time,
With a rope made of horse-meat, and, in pity,
Left their mares by 'em, which I think, ere midnight,
Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty —

La. 'Life, what of him, man?

Occ. He's enquiring earnestly
For the great man of art; indeed, for you, fir:
Therefore withdraw, sweet fir; make yourself dainty now,
And that's three parts of any profession.

La. I have enough on't.

[*Exit.*

Enter ANSALDO.

Occ. How now, what thing's this?

Now,

Now, by this light, the second part o' th' justice
 Newly reviv'd, with ne'er a hair on's face:
 'Tis he, or let me perish, the young gentleman
 We robb'd and stript; but I am far from knowledge now.

Ans. One word, I pray, sir.

Occ. With me, gentle sir?

Ans. Was there not lately seen about these parts, sir,
 A knot of fellows, whose conditions
 Are privily suspected?

Occ. Why do you ask, sir?

Ans. There was a poor young gentleman robb'd last
 night.

Occ. Robb'd?

Ans. Stript of all, i'faith.

Occ. Oh beastly rascals!

Alas, what was he?

Ans. Look on me, and know him, sir.

Occ. Hard-hearted villains! strip? 'troth, when I saw
 you,

Methought those cloaths were never made for you, sir.

Ans. Want made me glad of 'em.

Occ. Send you better fortunes, sir;

That we may have a bout with you once again. [*Aside.*]

Ans. I thank you for your wish, kind sir.

Occ. 'Tis with my heart, i'faith; now store of coin
 And better cloaths be with you.

Ans. There's some honest yet,

And charitably minded: how, what's here to do?

*Here within this place is cured
 All the griefs that were e'er endur'd.
 Palsy, gout, hydropick humour,
 Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,
 Stone, rupture, or imposthume,
 Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.*

[*Reads*]

That's conscionably said, i'faith.

*In brief, you cannot, I assure you,
 Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.*

Well promis'd, however.

Enter

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

Bra. Martino, is not yond' my hinder parts?

Mar. Yes, and your fore-parts too, sir.

Bra. I tro, so,

I never saw my hind parts in my life else,

No, nor my fore-ones neither: what are you, sir?

Are you a justice, pray?

Ans. A justice? no, truly.

Bra. How came this suit to you then?

Ans. How, this suit?

Why, must he needs be a justice, sir, that wears it?

Bra. You'll find it so; 'twas made for no body else.

I paid for't.

Ans. Oh strange fortune! I have undone

The charitable woman.

Bra. He'll be gone.

Martino, hold him fast, I'll call for aid.

Ans. Hold me? Oh curse of fate!

Mar. Oh, master, master.

Bra. What ails Martino?

Mar. In my conscience,

H'as beat out the wrong tooth, I feel it now

Three degrees off.

Bra. Oh slave, spoil'd a fine penman.

Ans. He lack'd good manners: lay hands o' me?

Enter LATROCINIO.

La. Why, how now? what's the broil?

Bra. The man of art

I take you, sir, to be.

La. I'm the professor

Of those slight cures you read of in the banner.

Bra. Our business was to you, most skillful sir,

But in the way to you, right worshipful,

I met a thief.

La. A thief?

Bra. With my cloaths on, sir,

Let but the coat be search'd, I'll pawn my life,

There's yet the taylor's bill in one o' th' pockets,

And a white thimble that I found i' th' moon-light,

Thou

Thou saw'st me when I put it in, *Martino*.

Mar. Ay, ay.

Fra. Oh, has spoil'd the worthiest clark that e'er drew warrant here.

La. Sir, you're a stranger, but I must deal plain with you,

That suit of cloaths must needs come odly to you.

Ans. I dare not say which way, that's my affliction.

La. Is not your worship's name signior *Brandino*, sir?

Bra. It has been so these threescore years and upwards.

La. I heard there was a robbery done last night Near to your house.

Ans. You heard a truth then, sir,
And I the man was robb'd.

La. Ah, that's too gross,
Send him away for fear of farther mischief,
I do not like him, he's a cunning knave.

Bra. I want but aid.

Enter two or three Servants.

La. Within there.

Bra. Seize upon that impudent thief.

Ans. Then hear me speak.

Bra. Away;

I'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those cloaths again!
To prison with the varlet.

Ans. How am I punish'd?

Bra. I'll make thee bring out all before I leave thee.

[*Exeunt with Ansaldo.*]

La. You've took an excellent course with this bold villain, sir.

Bra. I am sworn for service to the commonwealth, sir.
What are these, learned sir?

Enter STRATIO, SILVIO, and FIDUCIO.

La. Oh, they're my patients.

Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy.

Str. 'Tis farewell gout almost, I thank your worship.

La. What now, you cannot part so soon, I hope?
You came but lately to me.

Str. But most happily,
I can go near to leap, sir.

La.

La. What! you cannot?

Away I say, take heed, be not too vent'rous though,
I've had you but three days, remember that.

Stra. Those three are better than three hundred, sir.

La. Yet again?

Stra. Ease takes pleasure to be known, sir.

La. You with the rupture there *hernia in scrotum*,
Pray let me see your pace this morning, walk, sir:
Here's a most happy change, be of good comfort, sir,
Your knees are come within three inches now
Of one another, by to-morrow noon,
I'll make 'em kiss and juggle.

Sil. 'Bless your worship,

Bra. You've a hundred prayers in a morning, sir.

La. 'Faith we have a few to pass away the day with:
Taylor, you had a stitch.

Fid. Oh good your worship,
I have had none since Easter: were I rid

But of this whorison palsy, I were happy;
I cannot thread my needle.

La. No, that's hard,
I never mark'd so much.

Fid. It comes by fits, sir.

La. 'Las, poor man: what would your worship say
now
To see me help this fellow at an instant?

Bra. And make him firm from shaking?

La. As a steeple,
From the disease on't.

Bra. 'Tis to me miraculous.

La. You, with your whoremaster disease, come hither;
Here, take me this round glass, and hold it stedfast,
Yet more, sir, yet I say, so.

Bra. Admirable!

La. Go, live, and thread thy needle.

Bra. Here, *Martino*:

'Las, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises,
And cannot utter 'em.

La. No, what's the malady?

Bra. The fury of a tooth.

La. A tooth? ha, ha,
I thought 't had been some gangrene, fistula,

Canker,

Canker, or Ramex.

Bra. No, it's enough as 'tis, fir.

La. My man shall ease that freight, fit you down there, fir.

Take the tooth, firrah, daintily, insensibly:

But what's your worship's malady? that's for me, fir.

Bra. Marry, pray look you, fir: your worship's counsel About mine eyes.

La. Sore eyes? that's nothing too, fir.

Bra. By'r lady, I that feel it think it somewhat.

La. Have you no convulsions, pricking aches, fir, Ruptures, or apostemates?

Bra. No, by my faith, fir, Nor do I desire to have 'em.

La. Those are cares, There do I win my fame, fir: quickly, firrah, Reach me the eye-cup hither: do you make water well, fir?

Bra. I'm all well there.

La. You feel no grief i' th' kidney.

Bra. Sound, sound, sound, fir.

La. Oh, here's a breath, fir, I must talk withal One of these mornings.

Bra. There I think, i' faith, I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words Are come to pass, fir.

Mar. Oh, oh, 'tis not that, 'tis not that; It is the next beyond it; there, there, there.

Occ. The best have their mistakings: now I'll fit you, fir.

Bra. What's that, sweet fir, that comforts with his coolness?

La. Oh sovereign geer: wink hard, and keep it in, fir.

Mar. Oh, oh, oh.

Occ. Nay, here he goes; one twitch more, and he comes, fir.

Mar. Auh, ho.

Occ. Spit out, I told you he was gone, fir.

Bra. How chears Martino?

Mar. Oh, I can answer you now, master; I feel great ease, fir.

Bra.

Bra. So do I, *Martino*.

Mar. I'm rid of a fore burden, for my part, master,
Of a scald little one.

La. Please but your worship now
To take three drops of the rich water with you,
I'll undertake your man shall cure you, sir.
At twice in your own chamber.

Bra. Shall he so, sir?

La. I will uphold him in't.

Mar. Then I will do it, sir.

La. How lively your man is now?

Mar. Oh, I'm as light, methinks, as ever I was in my
life.

Bra. What is't contents your worship?

La. Ev'n what your worship please, I am not merce-
nary.

Bra. My purse is gone, *Martino*.

La. How, your purse, sir?

Bra. 'Tis gone, i'faith: I've been among some rascals.

Mar. And that's a thing
I ever gave you warning of, master, you care not
What company you run into.

Bra. Lend me some money: chide me anon, I prithee.
A pox on 'em for vipers, they have suck'd blood of me.

Mar. Oh, master!

Bra. How now, man?

Mar. My purse is gone too.

Bra. How? I'll never take warning more of thee
while I live then; thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit
to give good counsel to thy master, that can't not keep
from ill company thyself.

La. This is most strange, sir: both your purses gone!

Mar. Sir, I'd my hand on mine when I came in.

La. Are you but sure of that? oh, would you were.

Mar. As I am of ease.

La. Then they're both gone one way, be that your
comfort.

Bra. Ay, but what way is that, sir?

La. That close knave in your cloaths has got 'em both,
'Tis well you've clapt him fast.

Bra. Why that's impossible.

La. Oh tell not me, sir: I have known purses gone,

And the Thief stand, and look one full in the face,
As I may do your worship, and your man now.

Mar. Nay, that's most certain, master.

Bra. I will make

That rascal in my cloaths answer all this then,
And all the robberies that have been done,
Since the moon chang'd; get you home first, *Martino*,
And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
Or any more of mine: tell her he's taken,
And by that token he has took both our purses.

Mar. That's an ill token, master.

Bra. That's all one, sir.

Make haste again, and meet me part of the way

Mar. I'll hang the villain,

An' 'twere for nothing but the sowse he gave me. [Exit.

Bra. Sir, I depart ashamed of my requital,
And leave this seal ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness.

La. No, I beseech you, sir.

Bra. Indeed you shall, sir.

La. Oh, your worship's word, sir.

Bra. You shall have my word too, for a rare gentleman

As e'er I met withal. [Exit.

La. Clear sight be with you, sir,
If conduit-water, and my hostess' milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it.
Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villainous tooth-drawer.

Occ. There was no fear of me; I've often told you
I was bound 'prentice to a barber once,
But ran away in the second year.

La. Ay, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth,
And me afraid of thee: what have we there, sirs?

Occ. Some threescore dollars i' the master's purse,
And sixteen in the clerk's, a silver seal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants.

La. Warrants! where be they? the best news came
yet.

'Mafs, here's his hand, and here's his seal, I thank him,
This comes most luckily: one of our fellows
Was took last night, we'll set him first at liberty,

And

And other good boys after him: and if he
In the old justice's suit, whom we robb'd lately,
Will come off soundly, we'll set him free too.

Occ. That were a good deed, 'faith, we may in pity.

La. There's nothing done merely for pity now-a-days,
Money or Wars must help too.

SONG, in parts by the thieves.

Give me fortune, give me health,

Give me freedom, I'll get wealth.

Who complains his fate's amiss,

When he has the wide world his?

Give us fortune, give us health,

Give us freedom, we'll get wealth.

In every hamlet, town, and city,

He has lands, that was born witty.

[Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTUS V. Scena I.

Enter PHILIPPA and VIOLETTA.

Phil. **H**OW well this gentleman keeps his promise
too?

Sure there's no trust in man.

Viol. They're all *Francisco's*,
That's my opinion, mistress: Fools, or false ones.

He might have had the honesty yet, i'faith,

To send my master's cloaths home.

Phil. Ay, those cloaths,
Those cloaths much trouble me.

Viol. 'Faith, an' he were a gentleman, as he seem'd to
be,

They would trouble him too I think;

Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em.

Phil. 'Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should
think, wench.

M 2

Enter

Enter MARTINO.

Martino! oh, we're spoil'd, wench; are they come then?

Mar. Mistress, be of good cheer, I have excellent News for you; comfort your heart; what have you to breakfast, mistress? you shall have all again, I warrant you.

Phil. What says he, wench?

Viol. I'm loth to understand him.

Mar. Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress, You shall not lose a hair, take it on my word, We have him safe enough.

Phil. Alas, sweet wench, This man talks fearfully.

Viol. And I know not what yet; That's the worst, mistress.

Mar. Can you tell me, pray, Whether the rascal has broke ope' my desk or no? He was taken, mistress, grossly, and beastly: How do you think, i'faith?

Phil. I know not, sir.

Mar. Troth, in my master's cloaths: Would any thief, but a beast, been taken so?

Phil. Wench, wench.

Viol. I have grief enough of my own to tend, mistress.

Phil. Did he confess the robbery?

Mar. O no, no, mistress; He's a young cunning rascal, he confess'd nothing. While we were examining on him, he took away My master's purse and mine, but confess'd nothing still.

Phil. That's but some slanderous injury rais'd against him.

Came not your master with you?

Mar. No, sweet mistress.

I must make haste and meet him, pray dispatch me then.

Phil. I have look'd over all with special heedfulness; There's nothing mis'd, I can assure you, sir, But that suit of your master's.

Mar. I'm right glad on't.

That suit would hang him, yet I would not have him hang'd in that suit though; it will disgrace my master's fashion for ever.

Phil. O what shall we do, wench?

Viol. 'Tis no marvel, mistress,

The

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The poor young gentleman could not keep his promise.

Phil. Alas, sweet man, he's confess'd nothing yet, wench.

Viol. That shews his constancy, and love to you, mistress:

But you must do't of force, there is no help for't,

The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much;

Let 'em make what they can on't, 'twere sin and pity, i'faith,

To cast away so sweet a gentleman

For such a pair of infidel hose and doublet:

Enter ANSALDO.

I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.

Phil. Thou say'st true, wench.

Viol. Oh, oh, they're come again, mistress.

Phil. Signior *Ansaldo*?

Ans. The same, mightily cross'd, lady;

But, past hope, freed again by a doctor's means,

A man of art, I know not justly what, indeed,

But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,

Wrought my release between 'em.

Phil. Met you not

My husband's man?

Ans. I took such strange ways, lady,

I hardly met a creature.

Phil. Oh, most welcome.

Viol. But how shall we bestow him now we have him, mistress?

Phil. Alas, that's true.

Viol. *Martino* may come back again.

Phil. Step you into that little chamber speedily, fir,

And dress him up in one of my gowns and head-tires,

His youth will well endure it.

Viol. That will be admirable.

Phil. Nay, do't quickly then, and burn that suit, That it may never bear witness against us.

Viol. Ay, and I'll throw the althes into the pond, for fear they should smell of my master.

Phil. Away, dispatch, wench. [*Exit Viol. and Ans.*]

I've thought upon a way of certain safety,

And I may keep him while I have him too,

Without suspicion now. I'll delay time
With all the means I can. Oh, welcome, sir.

Enter BRANDINO with a writing.

Bra. I'll spake to you anon, wife, and kiss you shortly,
I'm very busy yet: *Cocksey-down, Mem-berry,*
Her manor-house at *Well-dun.*

Phil. What's that, good sir?

Bra. The widow's, your sweet sister's deed of gift;
She's made all her estate over to me, wench:
She'll be too hard for 'em all: and now come buss me;
Good luck after thieve's handsel.

Phil. Oh, 'tis happy, sir,
You have him fast.

Bra. I ha' laid him safe enough, wench.

Phil. I was so lost in joy at the report on't,
I quite forgot one thing to tell *Martina.*

Bra. What's that, sweet blood?

Phil. He, and his villains, sir,
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman last night.

Bra. A gentlewoman?

Phil. Nay, most uncivilly and basely stript her, sir.

Bra. Oh barbarous slaves!

Phil. I was ev'n fain, for woman-hood's sake,
Alas, and charity's, to receive her in,
And cloath her poor wants in a suit of mine.

Bra. 'Twas most religiously done: I long for her,
Who have I brought to see thee, think'st thou, woman?

Phil. Nay, sir, I know not.

Bra. Guess, I prithee, heartily:
An enemy of thine.

Phil. That I hope you have not, sir.

Bra. But all was done in jest: he cries thee mercy;
Francisco, sirrah.

Phil. Oh, I think not on him.

Bra. That letter was but writ to try thy constancy;
He confest all to me.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Phil. Joy on him, sir,
So far am I from malice, look you, sir;
Welcome, sweet signior, but I'll never trust you, sir.

Bra.

Bra. Faith, I'm beholden to thee, wife, for this.

Fra. Methinks, I enter now this house with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience;
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek
For a sin stamp't last midnight; I can talk now
With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly,
Even in thought.

What a sweet Being is an honest mind?
It speaks peace to itself, and all mankind.

Enter MARTINO.

Bra. Martino.

Mar. Master.

Bra. There's another robbery done, sirrah,
By the same party.

Mar. What? your worship mecks,
Under correction.

Phil. I forgot to tell thee,
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman.

Mar. O pagan!
This fellow will be ston'd to death with pipkins,
And pitchers without ears;
He will never die alive, that's my opinion.

Enter ANSALDO, (as MARTIA) and VIOLETTA.

Phil. Look you your judgments, gentlemen, your's especially;
Signior Francisco, whose mere object now
Is woman at these years; husband, you have a glimpse
too,

You offer half an eye, as old as you are.
Bra. By'r lady, better, wench; an eye and a half, I
tro'.

I should be sorry else.
Phil. What think you now, sirs?
Is't not a goodly lady?

Bra. Beshrew my heart else, wife.
Pray, soft a little, signior, you're but my guest; remember

I'm master of the house, I'll have the first kiss.

Phil. But, husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places,
To give a stranger ever the first bit.

Bra.

Bra. In woodcock or so, but there's no heed to be taken in mutton;
We commonly fall so roundly to that we forget ourselves.
I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome, lady:
I have him fast, and he shall lye by't close.

Ans. You cannot do me a greater pleasure, sir.

Bra. I'm happily glad on't.

Fra. Methinks there's somewhat whispers in my soul,
This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts;
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye
Of yon sweet gentlewoman.

Phil. Wench, wench.

Viol. Pish, hold in your breath, mistress;
If you be seen to laugh, you spoil all presently,
I keep it in with all the might I have.

Ans. Pray, what young gentleman's that, sir?

Bra. An honest boy, i'faith,
And came of a good kind: dost like him, lady?
I would thou hadst him, an' thou be'st not promis'd;
He's worth ten thousand dollars yearly.

Viol. By this light, mistress, my master will go near to
make a match anon; methinks I dream of admirable
sport, mistress.

Phil. Peace, thou art a drab.

Bra. Come hither now, *Francisco*,
I've known the time I've had a better stomach;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.

Fra. That face deserved a better fortune, lady,
Than last night's rudeness shew'd.

Ans. We cannot be
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.

Fra. I return better pleased than when I went.

Mar. And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth?

Ans. Most true.

Mar. We will have him stoned for you.

Fra. May I request a modest word or two, lady,
In private with you?

Ans. With me, sir?

Fra. To make it sure from all suspect of injury,
I'll intreat this gentleman
For an ear-witness unto all our conference.

Ans.

Anf. Why so, I am content, sir. [*Exeunt Fra. & Ansal.*]

Bra. So am I, lady.

Mar. Oh master, here's a rare bedfellow for my mistress to night,

For you know we must both out of town again.

Bra. That's true, *Martino*.

Mar. I do but think how they'll lie telling of tales together,

The prettiest!

Bra. The prettiest, indeed.

Mar. Their tongues will never leave wagging, master, till their tails are at rest.

Bra. Never, *Martino*, never. [*Exeunt*]

Phil. Take heed you be not heard.

Viol. I fear you most, mistress.

Phil. Me, fool? ha, ha.

Viol. Why, look you, mistress: faith you're faulty, ha, ha.

Phil. Well said, i'faith, where lies the fault now, gossip?

Viol. Oh, for a husband, I shall burst with laughing else,

This house is able to spoil any Maid.

Phil. I'll be reveng'd now soundly of *Francisco*,

For failing me when time was,

I'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine.

Viol. But that may marr your hopes, if our gentlewoman be known to be a man.

Phil. Not as I'll work it;

I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks;

For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,

Which is the sweetest benefit next to this:

Enter ANSALDO.

Why, how now, sir, what course take you for laughing?

We are undone for one.

Anf. Faith, with great pain,

Stifle it, and keep it in; I ha' no receipt for it.

But pray, in sadness, say, what is the gentleman?

I never knew his like for tedious urgings,

He will receive no answer.

Phil. Would he would not, sir.

Anf.

Ans. Says I'm ordain'd for him, merely for him;
And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him:
Will force on me a jointure speedily
Of some ten thousand dollars.

Phil. Would thou hadst 'em: I know he can if he will.

Ans. What is this gentleman?

Phil. Faith, shall I tell you, sir?

One that would make an excellent honest husband
For her that's a just maid at one and twenty;
For, on my conscience, he has his maidenhead yet.

Vick. Fie, out upon him, beast.

Phil. Sir, if you love me,
Give way but to one thing I shall request of you.

Ans. Your courtesies you know may lay commands on me.

Phil. Then, at his next sollicitings, let a consent
Seem to come from you; 'twill make noble sport, sir,
We'll get jointure and all; but you must bear
Yourself most affable to all his purposes.

Ans. I can do that.

Phil. Ay, and take heed of laughing.

Ans. I've bore the worst of that already, lady.

Phil. Peace, set your countenance then; for here he comes.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fra. There is no middle continent in this passion;
I feel it here, it must be love or death,
It was ordain'd for one.

Phil. Signior Francisco,
I'm sorry 'twas your fortune in my house, sir,
To have so violent a stroke come to you:
The gentlewoman's a stranger; pray be counsell'd, sir,
Till you hear further of her friends and portion.

Fra. 'Tis only but her love that I desire,
She comes most rich in that.

Phil. But be advis'd enough;
I think she's a rich heiress, but see the proof, sir,
Before you make her such a generous jointure.

Fra. 'Tis mine, and I will do't.

Phil. She shall be yours too,
If I may rule her then.

Fra.

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Fra. You speak all sweetness.

Phil. She likes your person well, I tell you so much,
But take no note I said so.

Fra. Not a word.

Phil. Come, lady, come, the gentleman's desertful,
And, o' my conscience, honest.

Ans. Blame me not, I am a maid, and fearful.

Fra. Thus let me seal my vows,
And when I brake them, may heaven renounce me.

Enter BRANDINO and MARTINO.

Bra. Yea, a match, i'faith: my house is lucky for 'em.
Now, *Martino*.

Mar. Master, the widow has the day.

Bra. The day?

Mar. She's overthrown my youngster.

Bra. Precious tidings!

Clap down four woodcocks more.

Mar. They're all at hand, sir.

Bra. What, both her adversaries too?

Enter VALERIA, RICARDO, MUCKWORM, and GRIPUS.

Mar. They're come, sir.

Bra. Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.

Mar. I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance.

Bra. Welcome, sweet sister; which is the man must
have you?

I'd welcome no body else.

Muck. Come to me then, sir.

Bra. Are you he, i'faith, my chain of gold? I'm glad
on't.

Val. I wonder you can have the face to follow me,
That have so prosecuted things against me:

But I have resolv'd myself, 'tis done to spite me.

Ric. O dearth of truth!

Grip. Nay, do not spoil thy hair,
Hold, hold I say, I'll get thee a widow somewhere else.

Ric. If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What shall man hope?

Grip. 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honest meaning among widows;
But, since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd

A contract

A contract without gifts to bind it fast;
Every thing now must have a feeling first:
Do I come near you widow?

Val. No, indeed, sir,
Nor ever shall, I hope: and, for your comfort, sir,
That fought all means to entrap me for my wealth,
Had law unfortunately put you upon me,
You had lost your labour, all your aim and hopes, sir,
Here stands the honest gentleman, my brother,
To whom I've made a deed of gift of all.

Bra. Ay, that she has, I faith, I thank her, gentlemen,
Look you here, sirs.

Val. I must not look for pleasures
That give more grief, if they prove false, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.

Muck. Have you served me so, widow?

Grip. I'm glad thou hast her not, laugh at him, my
boy, ha, ha.

Val. I must take one that loves me for myself:
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,
But virtue, manners, and conditions.

Muck. Yes, by my faith: I must have lordships too,
widow.

Val. How, sir?

Muck. Your virtue, and conditions, widow,
Are pretty things within doors, I like well on 'em;
But I must have somewhat without lying, or being
In the tenure or occupation of Mr. such-a-one: ha?
Those are fine things, indeed.

Val. Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love.

Muck. True, but there's two words to a bargain ever,
All the world over; and, if love be one,
I'm sure money's the other; 'tis no bargain else:
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, widow.

Val. Cry you mercy, I mistook you all this while, sir;
It was this antient gentleman, indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on.

Grip. What of me, widow?

Val. Alas, I have wrong'd you, sir; 'twas you that
swore
You lov'd me for myself!

Grip. By my troth, but I did not:

Come,

Come, father not your lies upon me, widow :
I love you for yourself? spit at me, gentlemen,
If ever I'd such a thought: fetch me in, widow!
You'll find your reach too short.

Val. Why, you have enough you say.

Grip. Ay, but I will have my humour too;
And will have more.

Val. Whom should a widow trust? I'll swear 'twas one
of you

That made me believe so: 'mas, think 'twas you, sir,
Now I remember me.

Ric. I swore too much
To be believed so little.

Val. Was it you then?
Bethrew my heart for wronging of you; for I am thine.

Ric. Welcome blessing,
Are you mine faithfully now?

Val. As love can make one.

Muck. Why this fills the common-wealth so full of
beggars,
Marrying for love, which none of mine shall do.

Val. But now I think on't; we must part again, sir.

Ric. Again?

Val. You're in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left myself nothing too; we must not hold.
Want on both sides makes all affection cold:
I shall not keep you from that gentleman;
You'll be his more than mine; and when he list,
He'll make you lie from me in some sour prison,
Then let him take you now for altogether, sir,
For he that's mine shall be all mine, or nothing.

Ric. I never felt the evil of my debts
Till this afflicting minute.

Grip. I'll be mad once in my days, and I will have my
humour: they're now but desperate debts again, I never
look for 'em.

And ever since I knew what malice was,
I always held it sweeter to sow mischief
Than to receive money; 'tis the finer pleasure.

I'll give him his bonds as 'twere in pity
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary;
Then will they ne'er agree, that's a sure point.

Come, widow, come, I'll try your honesty,
 Here to my honey you've made many proffers,
 I fear they're all but tricks: here are his debts, gentle-
 men;

How I came by 'em I know best myself.
 Take him before us faithfully for your husband,
 And he shall tear 'em all before your face, widow.

Val. Else may all faith refuse me.

Grip. Tear 'em, honey,

'Tis firm in law, a consideration given:

What, with thy teeth? thou'lt shortly tear her so,
 That's all my hope, thou'dst never had 'em else.
 I've enough, and I will have my humour.

Ric. I'm now at liberty, widow.

Val. I'll be so too,

And then I come to thee: give me this from you, brother.

Bra. Hold, sister, sister.

Val. Look you, the deed of gift, sir; I'm as free:
 He that has me has all, and thou art he.

Muck. and *Grip.* How's that?

Val. You're bob'd, 'twas but a deed in trust,
 And all to prove thee, whom I have found most just.

Bra. I'm bob'd among the rest too: I'd have sworn
 It had been a thing for me and my heirs for ever;
 If I'd but got it up to the black box above,
 It had been past redemption

Muck. How am I cheated?

Grip. I hope you'll have the conscience now to pay me,
 sir.

Ric. Oh wicked man! sower of strife and envy, open
 not thy lips.

Grip. How, how's this?

Ric. Thou hast no charge at all, no child of thine own,
 But two thou got'st once of a scowring woman,
 And they are well provided for, they're i' th' hospital:
 Thou hast twice ten thousand pound to bury thee,
 Hang thyself when thou wilt, a slave go with thee.

Grip. I'm gone, my goodness comes all out together,
 I have enough, but I have not my humour.

Enter

The Double Disappointment.

63

Enter VIOLETTA.

Viol. O master, gentlemen, and you, sweet widow,
I think you are no forwarder yet, I know not,
If ever you be sure to laugh again,
Now is the time.

Val. Why, what's the matter, wench?

Viol. Ha, ha, ha.

Bra. Speak, speak.

Viol. Ha, a marriage, a marriage, I cannot tell't for
laughing: ha, ha.

Bra. A marriage, do you make that a laughing matter?

Enter FRANCISCO and ANSALDO.

Viol. Ha: Ay, and you'll make it so when you know
all.

Here they come, here they come, one man married to
another.

Val. How! man to man?

Viol. Ay, man to man, i'faith.

There'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to bed;
Do you see 'em now? ha, ha, ha.

Muck. My daughter *Martia*!

Ans. Oh my father: your love and pardon, fir.

Val. 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.

Ans. I have been disobedient, I confess,
And Heaven has punish'd me:

But finding reconciliation from above

In peace of heart, the next I hope's your love.

Muck. I cannot but forgive thee now I see thee;
Thou fled'st a happy fortune of an old man,
But *Francisco's* of a noble family.

Fra. I lov'd her not, fir,

As she was yours, for I protest I knew't not,

But for herself, and her own deservings,

Which, had you been as foul, as you've been spiteful,
I should have lov'd in her.

Muck. Well, hold your prating, fir,
You're not like to lose by't.

Phil. Oh *Violetta*, who shall laugh at us now?

Viol. The child unborn, mistress.

Ans. Be good.

Fra. Be honest.

Ans. Heav'n will not let you sin, an' you'd be careful.

Fra. What means it sends to help you, think and mend.
You're as much bound as we, to praise that friend.

Phil. I am so, and I will so.

Ans. Marry you speedily,

Children may tame you, you'll die like a wild beast else.

Viol. Ay by my troth should I, I've much ado to forbear
Laughing now, more's my hard fortune.

Enter MARTINO.

Mar. O master, mistress, and you gentles all,
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to do your
country any service.

Bra. Art not aham'd, *Martino*, to talk of horning so
openly

Before young married couples thus.

Mar. It does concern the common-wealth and me,
And you, master, and all: the thieves are taken.

Ans. What say'st, *Martino*?

Mar. Law, here's common-wealth's-men:
The man of art, master, that cupt your eyes,
Is prov'd an arrant rascal, and his man,
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer;
I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly:
Such notable villanies confest.

Bra. Stop there, fir:

We'll have time for them: Come, gentle-folks,
Take a slight meal with us: But the best cheer
Is perfect joy; and that we wish all here.

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.



EASTWARD HOE.

A

COMEDY.

BY

BEN JONSON, GEORGE CHAPMAN,
and JOHN MARSTON.



DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year MDCCCLVI.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Touchstone; an honest goldsmith in the city.
Quicksilver; a rake, his 'prentice.
Golding; his sober 'prentice.
Sir Petronel Flash; a poor knight.
Security; an old usurer.
Bramble; a lawyer.
Sengul; captain of a ship.
Scrapethrift; } two of his passengers.
Spendall; }
Slitgut; a butcher's 'prentice.
Poldarvy; a French taylor.
Holdfast; } two officers belonging to the Compter.
Wolf; }

W O M E N.



Mrs. Touchstone; the goldsmith's wife.
Girtred; her daughter, that affects to be a fine lady.
Mildred; her good daughter.
Winifred; Security's wife.
Syndesy; a cast-mistress of *Quicksilver's*.

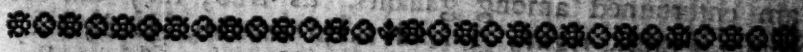
Page, Footman, Constables, Prisoners, &c.





EASTWARD HOE.

COMEDY.



Act I. Scene I.

Enter master Touchstone and Quicksilver at several doors, Quicksilver with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a rackett truss'd up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter Golding; discovering a goldsmith's shop, and he walking short turns before it.

Touchstone. *Now* Andowhither with you now? Look you, what question are you bound for? some, what comrades are you to meet withal? where's the supper? where's the rendezvous?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, fir—

Touch. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, fir? Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French foot-boy, and talk more handsily than a common midwife; and now, indeed, and in very good sober truth, fir,

fir, but if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigg'd now? Sirrah, I tell thee I am thy master, William Touchstone goldsmith, and thou my 'prentice, Francis Quicksilver, and I will see whither you are running. *Work upon that now.*

Quick. Why, fir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

Touch. 'Prentices recreations are seldom with their master's profit. *Work upon that now.* You shall give up your cloak, though you be no alderman. Heyday! ruffians! ha! sword! pumps! here's a racket, indeed!

[Touch uncloaks Quick.]

Quick. *Work upon that now.*

Touch. Thou shameless varlet, do'st thou jest at thy lawful master, contrary to thy indentures?

Quick. 'Sblood, fir! my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace, and of, *quorum*; and though I am a younger brother, and a 'prentice, yet, I hope, I am my father's son; and, by god's lid, 'tis for your worship, and for your commodity, that I keep company. I am entertained among gallants, 'tis true; they call me cousin Frank, right; I lend them monies, good; they spend it, well: But when they are spent, must not they strive to get more? must not their land fly? and to whom? shall not your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well considered. I am going to an ordinary now; the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, cousin Frank, some gold for silver: I change, gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, cousin Frank, lend me some silver. Why —

Touch. Why? I cannot tell; seven score pound art thou in the cash; but look to it, I will not be galled out of my monies. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants company? no: I hired me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good, I wholesome thrifty sentences: as, *Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee. Light gains make heavy purses. 'Tis good to be merry and wise.* And when I was on this, I had something

something to stick too. And I grew up; and, I praise providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours: But thou — Well, look to the accounts, your father's bond lies for you: seven score pound is yet in the rear.

Quick. Why, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants words for it, as any are in London; gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behav'd; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me kind cousin Frank! good cousin Frank! for they know my father, and shall not I trust 'em?

Enter a Page, as enquiring for Touchstone's shop.

Gold. What do ye lack, sir? what is't you'll buy, sir?

Touch. Ay, marry, sir, there's a youth of another piece! there's thy fellow-'prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art, nay, and better mean'd: But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, heav'n and men neglect industry.

Gold. It is his shop, and here my master walks.

[To the Page.]

Touch. With me, boy?

Page. My master, sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you.

Touch. To make up the match with my eldest daughter. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy. *[Exit Page.]* There's another affliction too. As I have two 'prentices, the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry; so have I only two daughters, the eldest of a proud ambition, the other of a modest humility, and comely soberness. The one must be ladyfied, foot-footh, and be attir'd just to the court-cut, and long-tail. Well, a piece of land she has; 'twas her grandmother's gift, let her, and her sir Petronel flash out that: but as for my substance, she that scorns me, as I am a citizen and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry. I must go entertain this sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee, look to the shop. As for you, master Quicksilver, think of husks; for thy course is running directly to the prodigal's hog-trough. Husks! sirrah! *Work upon that now.*

[Exit Touch.]

Quick.

Quick. Marry, pho, goodman Flat-cap: 'sfoot, though I am a 'prentice, I can give arms: my father's a justice o' peace by descent; and, 'sblood —

Gold. Fle, how you sweat!

Quick. 'Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree. God's my life, sirrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool? turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant; and *let the welkin roar, and Erebus also.* — Look not westward to the fall of don Phœbus; but to the east, *Eastward hoe.* We are both gentlemen: let's be no longer fools to this flat-cap, Touchstone — 'Slife, man, his father was a malt-man, and his mother sold ginger-bread in Christ church.

Gold. What would you ha' me do?

Quick. Why, do nothing: be like a gentleman, be idle; the curse of man is labour. Wilt thou cry, what is't you lack? stand with a bare pate, and a dropping nose under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentleman? A' my conscience, some cow-herd begat thee, thou Golding of Golding-hall! Ha, boy?

Gold. Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb! I a cow-herd's son! because I turn not a drunken, whore-hunting rake-hell, like thyself. *[He offers to draw, and Golding trips up his heels, and holds him.]*

Quick. Rake-hell, rake-hell!

Gold. Pish; in soft terms, you are a cowardly bragging boy! I'll ha' ye whipt.

Quick. Whipt? that's good, i' faith! Untruss me —

Gold. No, thou wilt undo thyself. Alas! I behold thee with pity, not with anger. Thou common shot-clog, gull of all companies! methinks I see thee already walking in Morefields, with half a hat, with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging three-pence.

Quick. Nay, 'slife, take this and take all: as I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. *[Exit.]*

Gold. Go, thou most madly vain! whom nothing can recover, but that which reclaims atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious, calamity. As for my plate and life, thus I have read:

*Whate'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,
The gain of honest pains is never base:*

From

*From trades, from arts, from valour honour springs;
These three are founts of gentry, yea of kings.*

Enter Girtred, Mildred, Bettrice, and Poldaway a taylor, with a fair gown, Scotch farthingale, and a French fall in his arms. Girtred in a French head attire, and a citizen's gown; Mildred sowing; and Bettrice leading a monkey after her.

Gir. For the passion of patience, look if sir Petronel approach! that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that — for love's sake, tell me if he come! Oh, sister Mill, tho' my father be a low-capt tradesman, yet I must be a lady: and I praise God my mother must call me madam. Does he come? off with this gown for shame's sake, off with this gown! let not my knight take me in the city-cut, in any hand: tear't! pox on't (does he come?) tear't off!

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatience, and disgraceful scorn, do you put off your city tire! I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself, in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

Gir. I tell you, I cannot endure it; I must be a lady: do you wear your quouiff, your stamen petticoat with two guards, the russet gown: I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the city dames well: To eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good; to dye rich scarlet black, pretty; to line a program gown clean through with velvet, tolerable; their pure linen, their smocks, of three pound a smock, are to be born withall: but your mincing niceries, taffata pipkins, durance petticoats, and silver bodkins — God's my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it. Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis! *And ever she cry'd, shoot home — and yet I knew one longer — And ever she cry'd, shoot home; fa, la, ly, re, lo, la.*

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft fly with a sick wing.

Gir. Bow-bell!

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow sullen, and will not follow. *Where ambition of place goes before finess of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar

scholar once say, that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoa'k'd cats, and foxes, and dogs together, to draw his plough, whiles he followed and sowed salt; But sure I judge them truly mad, that yoa'k citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Gir. Alas, poor Mill! when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet, i'faith; nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee sister Mill still; for though thou art not like to be a lady, as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and may'st peradventure be saved as soon as I, (does he come?) Now, (lady's my comfort) what a profane ape's here! Taylor Poldavis, pr'ythee fit it, fit it! is this a right Scot? Does it clip close? and bear up round?

Pold. Fine and stify, i'faith; it will keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small! Here was a fault in your body; but I have supplied the defect, with the effect of my steel instrument, which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

Gir. Most edifying taylor! I protest, you taylor's are most sanctified members, and make many a crooked thing go upright. How must I bear my hands? light? light?

Pold. O ay, now you are in the lady fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light; ay, and fall so: that's the court-amble. *[She trips about the stage.]*

Gir. Has the court ne'er a trot?

Pold. No, but a false gallop, lady.

Bar. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter sir Petronel, mr. Touchstone, mrs. Touchstone.

Gir. Is my knight come? O the lord, my husband! Sister, do my cheeks look well? give me a little box o' the ear that I may seem to blush. Now, now! so, there! there! here he is! O my dearest delight! lord! lord! and how does my knight?

Touch. Fie, with more modesty.

Gir. Modesty! why, I am no citizen now. Modesty! am I not to be married? y'are best to keep me modest now I am to be a lady.

Sir Pet. Boldness is a good fashion, and court-like.

Gir.

Gir. Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

Sir Pet. Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one count Epernoum, a Welch knight; we had a match at Baloon too with my lord Whachum, for four crowns.

Gir. At Baboon? Jesu! you and I will play at Baboon in the country.

Sir Pet. O sweet lady, 'tis a strong play with the arm.

Gir. With arm or leg, or any other member, if it be a court-sport. And when shall's be married, my knight?

Sir Pet. I come now to consummate it; and your father may call a poor knight, son in law.

Mr. Touch. Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. Three hundred pound land yearly her grandmother left her; 'tis your's; herself (as her mother's gift) is your's. But if you expect aught from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. *Work upon that now.*

Sir Pet. Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am a knight.

Touch. Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mrs. Touch. Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen ushers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is a knight, and so might you have been too, if you had been aught else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbours. An I thought you would not ha' been knighted, (as I am an honest woman) I would ha' dubb'd you myself. I praise God, I have where withal. But as for you, daughter—

Gir. Ay, mother, I must be a lady to-morrow: And by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty but only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, mother.

Mrs. Touch. That you shall, lady daughter, and have a coach as well as I too.

Gir. Yes, mother. But, by your leave, mother, (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right) my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touch. Come, come, the day grows low; 'tis supper-time. Use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing:

for (I cannot feign) my hopes are faint: And, sir, respect my daughter: she has refused for you, wealthy and honest matches; known good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

Gir. Body a truth, citizens! citizens! sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy, out of this miserable city; presently! carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell, I beseech thee, down with me, for God's sake.

Touch. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings:
The greatest rivers flow from little springs.

*Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first;
He that has most drunk, may soonest be a thirst.*

Work upon that now.

[*All, but Touchstone, Mildred, and Golding depart.*
No, no; yonder stand my hopes. Mildred, come hither, daughter: And how approve you your sister's fashion? how do you fancy her choice? what dost thou think?

Mil. I hope, as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay, but how dost thou like her behaviour and humour? speak freely.

Mil. I am loath to speak ill; and yet, I am sorry of this I cannot speak well.

Touch. Well; very good; as I would wish: a modest answer. Golding, come hither: hither, Golding. How dost thou like the knight, sir Flash? does he not look big? how lik'st thou the elephant? he says, he has a castle in the country.

Gold. Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

Touch. 'Fore heaven, very well: but seriously, how dost repute him?

Gold. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Golding, I commend thee; I approve thee; and will make it appear, my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? she is not fair, well-favoured or so; indifferent; which modest measure of beauty, shall not make it thy only work to watch her; nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardly; she is modest; thou art provident; she is careful.

She's

She's now mine: give me thy hand, she's now thine.
Work upon that now.

Gold. Sir, as your son, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Say'st thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yon fellow? He is a gentleman, (tho' my 'prentice) and has somewhat to take too; a youth of good hope; well friended, well parted. Are you mine? you are his. *Work you upon that now.*

Mil. Sir, I am all your's; you gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life: let your virtue still direct it; for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

Touch. Say'st thou so? Be you two better acquainted; lip her, lip her, knave! so, shut up: in. We must make holiday. *[Exit Gold. and Mild.]*

*This match shall on; for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, the mean, or lofty love;
Whether fit wedlock, vow'd 'twixt like and like;
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike
Their place and means. [To the audience.] 'Tis honest
time's expence,
When seeming lightness bears a moral sense.
Work upon that now.*

ACT II. Scene I.

Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred, sitting on each side of the stall.

Touch. **Q**uicksilver! maister Francis Quicksilver!
maister Quicksilver!

Enter Quicksilver drunk.

Quick. Here, sir — ump.

Touch. So, sir; nothing but flat mr. Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you! Will you trust my points, sir?

Quick. Ay, forsooth — ump.

Touch. How now, sir! the drunken hiccup so soon this morning?

Quick. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach — sir.

Touch. What! have you the cause natural for it? y'are a very learned drunkard. I believe I shall miss some of my silver-spoons, with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews upon you.

Quick. An't please you, sir, we did but drink (ump) to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

Touch. To the coming of on him?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; we drunk to his coming on (ump) when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off: for that's the chief honour of a soldier, sir, and therefore we must drink so much the more to it — ump.

Touch. A very capital reason! So that you go to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkenness: You fulfill the scripture very sufficient wickedly.

Quick. The knight's men, forsooth, be still a' their knees at it — ump; and because 'tis for your credit, sir, I would be loth to flinch.

Touch. I pray, sir, e'en to 'em again then: you're one of the separated crew; one of my wife's faction, and my young lady's; with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quick. So, sir, now I will go keep my (ump) credit with them; an't please you, sir.

Touch. In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomach, I beseech you.

Quick. Yes, your commands shall be obey'd [Exit.

Touch. This is for my credit! Servants ever maintain drunkenness in their master's house, for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason! I thank time, the night is past: I ne'er wak'd to such cost: I think we have stow'd more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received: and for wine — why my house turns giddy with it: But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can shew. I'll eaves drop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning.

Enter

Enter Golding and Mildred.

Gold. But is it possible, that you, seeing your sister prefer'd to the bed of a knight, should contain your affections in the arms of a 'prentice.

Mil. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colours, or mix sackcloth with sattin.

Gold. And do the rich cloaths, the title of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment, no more inflame you, than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues?

Mil. I have observed that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune, is seldom recover'd: they bear one headlong in desire, from one novelty to another: and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason; no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs, to go to our objects; not wings, to fly to them.

Gold. How dear an object you are to my desires, I cannot express; whose fruition would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavours: I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

Touch. *Work upon that now!* By my hopes, he woes honestly and orderly. He shall be the anchor of my hope. Look ye, see the ill-yok'd monster, his fellow!

Enter Quicksilver, a towel about his neck, in his night-cap, drunk.

Quick. Eastward hoe! *Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia **.

Touch. Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

Gold. Fie! fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in?

Quick. Pickle! pickle in thy throat. Zounds, pickle! Good-morrow, knight Petronel: morrow, lady Goldsmith. Come off, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Gold. Why how now, sir, do you know where you are?

O 3

Quick.

* *Pistol in Shakespear's Henry IV. 2d Part.*

Quick. Where I am! why, 'sblood, you joulthead, where am I?

Gold. For shame go to bed and sleep: thou sham'st both my master and his house.

Quick. Shame! what shame? I thought thou would'st shew thy bringing up: an thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou would'st think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money; save my credit. I must dine with the serving-men and their wives: and their wives, sirrah.

Gold. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee three pence.

Quick. 'Sfoot, lend me some money: *Hast thou not Hyren here *?*

Touch. Why, how now, sirrah? what vein's this, hab?

Quick. How does our master? pr'ythee cry, Eastward hoe!

Touch. Sirrah, sirrah, you're past your hiccup now, I see; you're drunk.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And I hear you keep a whore in town.

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And what you are out in cash, I know.

Quick. So do I: my father's a gentleman; *Work upon that now.* Eastward hoe!

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoe will make you go Westward hoe, I will no longer dishonour my house, nor endanger my stock with your license. There, sir, there's your indenture. All your apparel is on your back: and from this time my door is shut to you. From me be free; but for other freedom, and the monies you have wasted, Eastward hoe shall not serve you.

Quick. Am I free o' my fetters? Rent: fly with a duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

Touch. Good sir!

Quick. *When this eternal substance of my soul——*

Touch. Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

Quick. *Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh——* †

Touch.

* Pistol in Shakespear's Henry IV. 2d Part.

† Spanish Tragedy, Andrea's Ghost.

Touch. What then, fir?

Quick. I was a courtier in the Spanish court, and Don Andrea was my name.

Touch. Good master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quick. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quick. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance. I will piss at thy shop posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign: *Work upon that now.*

[*Exit, staggering.*]

Touch. Now, firrah, you, hear you; you shall serve me no more neither: not an hour longer.

Gold. What mean you, fir?

Touch. I mean to give thee thy freedom, and with thy freedom my daughter; and with my daughter, a father's love; and with all these such a portion as shall make knight Petronel himself envy thee. Yare both agreed; are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission both of thanks and duty.

Touch. Well then, the great power of heaven bless and confirm you! And, Golding, that my love to thee may not shew less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

Gold. Let me beseech you, no, fir. The superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost: nor would I wish any, only your reverend presence shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

Touch. Son to mine own bosom; take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, fit — reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravish'd with desire to hansel her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away will she and her mother: and while their preparation is making, ourselves with some two or three other friends, will consummate the humble match we have, in God's name, concluded.

'Tis to my wish; for I have often read,

Fit birth, fit age, keep long a quiet bed.

'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen (well 'tis known)

Get with more ease than gentry keeps his own.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Security.

Secu. My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl; but with a little sleep he is much recover'd: and I think is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is as 'twere the cave, where the young out-law hords the stol'n vails of his occupation: And here, when he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunk; and (I may say softly) his punk. He dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am security itself: my name is Security, the famous usurer.

Enter Quicksilver, in his 'prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings; gartering himself. Security following.

Quick. Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepskin is burn'd, wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into thy usurious bonds. Thou feed'st my lechery, and I thy covetousness. Thou art pander to me for my wench: and I to thee for thy cousinage. *K. me K. thee,* runs through court and country.

Secu. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver. Those K's ope the doors to all this world's felicity. Let not mr. Courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders. I have known poor Hob in the country, that has worn hob-nail's on's shoes, have as much villainy in's head as he that wears gold buttons in's cap.

Quick. Why, man 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be us'd, 'tis but a 'scape to the net of villainy. They that use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds.

Enter Syndefy, with Quicksilver's doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger.

Synd. Here, sir, put off the other half of your 'prentiship.

Quick. Well said, sweet Syndefy, bring forth my bravery.

Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks conceal'd:

I now am free; and now will justify

My trunks and punks. Avant, dull flat-cap, then!

Via

Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!
There lie, thou husk of my envassall'd state.
I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistine's bands:
And in thy lap, my lovely Dalila,
I'll lie; and snore out my enfranchis'd state.

*When Sampson was a tall young man,
His power and strength increased then;
He sold no more, nor cap, nor can;
But did them all despise.*

*Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends,
For one to sell thy base gold ends;
Quicksilver now no more attends
Thee, Touchstone.*

But, dad, hast thou seen my running gelding dress'd to-day?

Secu. That I have, Frank. The ostler o' th' Cock dress'd him for a breakfast.

Quick. What, did he eat him?

Secu. No; but he eat his breakfast for dressing him, and so dress him for breakfast. But, alas, Frank! how will all this be maintain'd now? your place maintain'd it before.

Quick. Why, and I maintain'd my place. I'll to the court; another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly city. I shall be a merchant, forsooth! trust my estate in a wooden trough, as he does! What are these ships, but tennis-balls for the wind to play withall? Tost from one wave to another: now under-line, now over the house: Sometimes brick-wall'd against a rock, so that the guts fly out again: sometimes struck under the wide hazard, and farewell mr. merchant!

Secu. Well, Frank, well; the seas you say are uncertain; but he that sails in your court-seas, shall find 'em ten times fuller of hazard; wherein to see what is to be seen, is torment more than a free spirit can endure: But when you come to suffer, how many injuries swallow you? What care must you use to humour an imperious lord, proportion your looks to his looks, smiles to his smiles, fit your sails to the wind of his breath!

Quick. Tush! he's no journeyman in his craft that cannot do that.

Syn. But he's worse than a 'prentice that does it: not only

only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by panderism into his chamber; he rules the roast. A 'prentice, quoth you? 'tis but to learn to live, and does that disgrace a man? he that rises hardly, stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas, falls as easily.

Quick. A pox on you, who taught you this morality?

Secu. 'Tis along of this witty age, mr. Francis. But indeed, mrs. Syndesy, all trades complain of inconvenience; and therefore, 'tis best to have none. The merchant he complains, and says, traffick is subject to much uncertainty and loss: let 'em keep their goods on dry land with a vengeance, and not expose other men's substances to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a wooden wall, as mr. Francis says, and all for greedy desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending of money, are content with moderate profit, thirty or forty i' the hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than run those dangerous courses of trading as they do.

Quick. Ay, dad, thou may'st well be call'd Security, for thou takest the safest course.

Secu. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented; and, out of doubt, the more godly. For merchants in their courses are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven: one prays for a westerly wind to carry his ship forth, another for an easterly to bring his ship home; and at every shaking of a leaf, he falls into an agony, to think what danger his ship is in on such a coast; and so forth. The farmer he is ever at odds with the weather: sometimes the clouds have been too barren; sometimes the heavens forget themselves; their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes the season falls out too fruitful; corn will bear no price, and so forth. The artificer, he's all for a stirring world: if his trade be too full, or fall short of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we, that trade in nothing but money, are free from all this. We are pleased with all weathers; let it rain, or hold up; be calm or windy; let the season be whatsoever; let trade go how it will;

we take all in good part; e'en what please the heavens to send us; so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns; and make up days, months, and years.

Quick. And you have good security?

Secu. Ay, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

Quick. I say still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit: he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

Secu. Witty maister Francis?

'Tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours. Do but bring knight Petronel into my parchment-toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, o' my credit! You know his wife's lands.

Quick. Even to a foot, sir; I have been often there: a pretty fine seat; good land; all intire, within itself.

Secu. Well wooded?

Quick. Two thousand pounds worth of wood, ready to fell: and a fine sweet house, that stands just in the midst on't; like a prick in the midst of a circle. Would I were your farmer, for an hundred pound a year.

Secu. Excellent mr. Francis, how I do long to do thee good! *How I do hunger and thirst to have the honour to enrich thee!* ay, even to die, that thou mightest inherit my living; *even hunger and thirst*—for o' my religion, mr. Francis, and so tell knight Petronel, I do it to do him a pleasure.

Quick. Marry, dad, his horses are now coming up, to bear down his lady: wilt thou lend him thy stable to set them in?

Secu. Faith, mr. Francis, I would be loth to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Quick. *A pox of your hunger and thirst!* Well, dad, let him have money. All he could any way get is bestowed on a ship, now bound for Virginia: the fame of which voyage is so closely convey'd, that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnish'd him with money, he will instantly hoist sail and away.

Secu. Now a frank gale of wind go with him, maister Frank! We have too few such knight adventurers.
Let

Let his wife seal to day, he shall have his money to-day.

Quick. To-morrow she shall, dad, before she goes in to the country. To work her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Sinne here, to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friend's daughter; a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will for a while to learn fashions; and she shall buz pretty devices into her lady's ear; feeding her humours so serviceably (as the manner of such as she is, you know.)

Secu. True, good maister Francis.

Quick. That she shall keep her port open for any thing she commends to her.

Secu. O' my religion, a most fashionable project! As good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her: for 'tis three to one of one side. — Sweet mrs. Syndesy, how are you bound to master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

Synd. But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

Quick. I have broken the ice to it already: and will presently to the knight's house: whither, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formality to man her.

Secu. Command me, maister Francis; *I do hunger and thirst to do thee service.* Come, sweet mrs. Synne, take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet Frank, maister Francis, at your lady's.

Enter Winifred above.

Win. Where is my cuz there? Cuz!

Secu. Ay, Winny!

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweet cuz?

Secu. Ay, Winny, presently

[*Exit.*

Quick. O 'tis a notable jew's-trump! I hope to live to see dog's meat made of his flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin. And yet his skin is too thick to make parchment; 'twould make good boots for a peter-man to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum, is your puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and sleekest knaves in a country.

Enter

Enter sir Petronel, in boots, with a riding wand.

Pet. I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse can trot: here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns grow dead, ordinaries are blown up, plays are at a stand, houses of hospitality at a fall; not a feather waving: I'll away instantly.

Quick. You had best take some crowns in your purse, knight; or else your eastward castle will smook but miserably.

Pet. O Frank! my castle: alas! all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st.

Quick. I know it, knight; and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

Pet. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said, I had a castle and land eastward; and eastward she will, without contradiction. Her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full butt; and the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself.

Quick. And I fear, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example.

Pet. O that she would have the grace! for I shall never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so.

Quick. As easily as can be. Tell her she mistook your directions; and that shortly yourself will down with her to approve it; and then, cloath but her crouper in a new gown, and you may drive her any way you list: for these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'em on by the tail still, or they will never drive orderly.

Pet. But alas! sweet Frank, thou know'st my ability will not furnish her blood with those costly humours.

Quick. Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Security, for money.

Pet. I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine: for stay here I must not; my creditors have laid to arrest me; and I have no friend under heaven but my sword to bail me.

Quick. God's me, knight, put 'em in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you: let 'em take their choice; either the King's-Bench or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like best; for, by the lord, I like none of 'em.

Pet. Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

Quick. Why then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wife lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the blood-hound Security will smell out ready money for you instantly.

Pet. There spake an angel! To bring her to which conformity, I must feign myself extremely amorous. See Frank, here comes my lady: Lord, how she views thee! she knows thee not, I think, in this bravery.

Enter Girtred.

Gir. How now? who are you, I pray?

Quick. One maister Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship.

Gir. God's my dignity! as I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes flood a-water: would I were unmarried again!

Enter Security and Syndesy.

Where's my woman, I pray?

Quick. See, madam, she now comes to attend you.

Secu. God save my honourable knight, and his worship's lady?

Gir. You are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

Secu. No, madam: till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume.

Gir. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

Secu. She is, madam; and one that her father hath a special care to bestow in some honourable lady's service; to put her out of her honest humours, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Gir. A nun! what nun? a nun substantive, or a nun adjective?

Secu. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vow'd maid of that order.

Gir. I'll teach her to be a maid of the order I warrant you — and can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Synd.

Synd. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Gir. Well said; hold up then; hold up your head, I say; come hither a little.

Synd. I thank your ladyship.

Gir. And hark you, good man, you may put on your hat now I do not look on you. — I must have you of my fashion now; not of my knight's, maid.

Synd. No, forsooth, madam; of yours.

Gir. And draw all my servants in my bow; and keep my counsel; and tell me tales; and put me riddles; and read on a book sometimes, when I am busy; and laugh at country gentlewomen; and command any thing in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case, be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Secu. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Gir. Very well: you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee, let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Secu. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

Gir. By my faith, but he shall not go, sir; I shall swoon an' he sup from me.

Pet. Pray thee forbear; shall he lose his provision?

Gir. Ay, by'rady, sir, rather than I lose my longing; come in I say: as I am a lady, you shall not go.

Secu. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

Gir. No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be a-bed soon enough after supper.

Pet. Well, mr. Security, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well; we must honour our young wives, you know.

Quick. In policy, dad, till to-morrow she has seal'd.

Secu. I hope in the morning yet, your knighthood will breakfast with me.

Pet. As early as your will, sir.

Secu. I thank your good worship; *I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.*

Gir. Come, sweet knight, come; *I do hunger and thirst
to be a-bed with thee.*

[Exeunt.]

Act III. Scene I.

*Enter Petronel, Quicksilver, Security, Bramble, and
Winifred.*

Pet. **T**Hanks for your feast-like breakfast, good mr. Security. I am sorry I am without means, by any kind amends, to shew how affectionately I take your kindness; and to confirm, by some worthy ceremony, a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

Secu. Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship: I am new married to this fair gentlewoman you know; and, by my hope to make her fruitful, though I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you, to make you godfather (tho' in your absence) to the first child I am bless'd withall: and henceforth call me gossip, I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Pet. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her first child; wheresoever my fortune in event of my voyage shall bestow me.

Secu. How now, my coy wedlock! make you strange of so noble a favour? take it I charge you, with all affection; and (by way of taking your leave) present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip. *[They kiss.]*

Pet. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection. And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready, to which my wife should seal, let them be brought this morning, before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to dispatch it.

Secu. The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsel here, mr. Bramble the lawyer, hath perus'd them;
and

and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady.

Pet. Good mr. Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then: God send you fortunate pleas, fir, and contentious clients.

Bram. And you foreright winds, fir, and a fortunate voyage. [Exit.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen desire to speak with you.

Pet. What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage, knight, captain Seagull, and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Pet. Let them enter, I pray you. I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter Seagull, Scapeshrift, and Spendall.

Sea. Save my honourable colonel.

Pet. Welcome, good captain Seagull, and worthy gentlemen! If you will meet my friend Frank here, and me, at the Blue-Anchor tavern by Billingsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition.

Spend. Defer it no longer, I beseech you, fir, lest your p and goods should be attach'd.

Quick. Well advised, captain; our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures. Bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and with our skins full of vintage, we'll take occasion by the 'vantage, and away.

Spend. We will not fail but be there, fir.

Pet. Good-morrow, good captain, and my worthy associates! health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip. For you, fir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Secu. With writings and crowns to my honourable gossip; I do hunger and thirst to do you good, fir. [Exeunt.]

Enter mrs. Fond, and mrs. Gazer.

Fond. Come, sweet mrs. Gazer, let's watch here, and see my lady Flash take coach.

Gaz. O' my word, here's a most fine place to stand in. Did you see the new ship launch'd last day, mrs. Fond?

Fond. O God, and we citizens should lose such a sight!

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach, as there were to see it take water.

Fond. O! she's married to a fine castle i' th' country, they say.

Gaz. But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

Fond. O, no! they say her knight kill'd 'em all, and therefore he was knighted.

Gaz. Would to God her ladyship would come away!

Enter Girtred, mrs. Touchstone, Syndesy, Hamlet, and Potkin.

Fond. She comes! she comes! she comes!

Gaz. Fond. Pray heaven bless your ladyship!

Gir. Thank you, good people; my coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! in good truth, I shall swoon else.

Ham. Coach! coach! my lady's coach! [Exit.

Gir. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already. I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

Mrs. Touch. Ay, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Your coach is coming, madam.

Gir. That's well said; now, heaven! methinks I am e'en up to the knees in preferment.

Mrs. Touch. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way afoot?

Gir. Ay, by my faith, I warrant him.

Mrs. Touch. Alas! 'tis e'en pity, methinks; for God's sake, buy him a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'em; alas! we must do as we would be done to.

Gir.

Gir. Go to, hold your peace, dame; you talk like an old fool, I tell you.

Enter Petronel and Quicksilver.

Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honey-suckle, before I can go with thee?

Gir. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st: but I marvel how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

Quick. Marry, madam, she's married by this time to 'prentice Golding: your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'em, in all haste; that the cold meat left at your wedding, might furnish their nuptial table.

Gir. There's a base fellow, my father, now: but he's e'en fit to father such a daughter! he must call me daughter no more now: but, *madam*, indeed. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base 'prentice?

Mrs. Touch. What should one do? Is there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will? how shall we punish him, madam?

Gir. As I am a lady, an 'twould snow, we'll pelt 'em with snow balls as they come from church!

*His head as white as milk, all flaxen was his hair *;*

But now he is dead, and laid in his bed,

And never will come again.

Enter Touchstone, Golding, Mildred, with rosemary.

Pet. Was there ever such a lady?

Quick. See, madam, the bridegroom!

Gir. Give you joy! mistress. Now, out upon thee, baggage! my sister married in a taffeta hat? Marry, hang you! westward, with a wanion t'ye! Nay, I have done wi' ye, minion; never look to have my countenance any more, nor any thing I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach? or come down to my castle? fie upon thee! I charge thee, in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more.

Touch. An't please your ladyship, this is not your sister; this

this is my daughter, and she calls me father; and so does not your ladyship, an't please you, madam.

Mrs. Touch. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy 'prentice thy son as well as she. Ah, thou mis-proud 'prentice, darest thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Gold. It pleased my master to embolden me with his favour. And though I confess myself far unworthy such a worthy wife; yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman; and by the trade I have learn'd of my master (which, I trust, taints not my blood) able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter: My hope is, heaven will so bless our humble beginning, that, in the end, I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double 'prentice.

Touch. Master me no more, son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Gir. Sun? Now, good Lord, how he shines, and you mark him! he's a gentleman!

Gold. Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Pet. Never stand a' your gentry, mr. bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand on neither shortly.

Touch. An't please you, sir knight, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Pet. What mean you, sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worship —

Pet. Nay, pray forbear, sir; and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen: There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural; now, though your worship be a gentleman natural — *Work upon that now.*

Quick. Well said, old Touch; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith: on, I beseech thee.

Touch. Cry you mercy, sir; your worship's a gentleman I do not know: if you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, sir.

Quick. Go to, old Quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

Touch. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your

your gracious worship: and therefore till I speak to your gallantry indeed, I will save my breath for my broth'anon. Come, my poor son and daughter! let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe: Ambition consumes itself with the very show. *Work upon that now.*

Gir. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake: let him make his 'prentice his son, for God's sake: give away his daughter, for God's sake: and when they come a begging to us for God's sake — Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after.

Pet. What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

Enter Security with a scrivener.

Secu. Good-morrow to my worshipful lady. I present your ladyship with this writing; to which if you please to set your hand, with your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend your journey, a' my credit.

Gir. What writing is it?

Pet. The sale, sweetheart, of the poor tenement I told thee of; only to make a little money, to send thee down furniture for my castle; to which my [*Signs the paper.*] hand shall lead thee.

Gir. Very well: now give me your pen, I pray.

Quick. It goes down without chewing, i'faith!

Scriv. Your worships deliver this as your deed?

Ambo. We do.

Gir. So now, knight, farewell till I see thee.

Pet. All farewell to my sweetheart.

Mrs. Touch. Goodboy, son knight.

Pet. Farewell, good mother.

Gir. Farewell, Frank, I would fain take thee down, if I could.

Quick. I thank your good ladyship; farewell, mistress Syndefy. [*Exeunt.*]

Pet. O tedious voyage, whereof there is no end! What will they think of me?

Quick. Think what they list; they long'd for a vagary into the country, and now they are fitted; so a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she rides to her ruin. 'Tis the great end of many of their marriages:

This

This is not the first time a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

Pet. Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think. He that weighs men's thoughts, has his hands full of nothing. A man in the course of this world should be like a surgeon's instrument, work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself.

Quick. As it falls out now, knight, you shall not need to devise excuses, or endure her out-cries, when she returns: we shall now be gone before, where they cannot reach us.

Pet. Well, my kind compeer, you have now the assurance we both can make you; let me now intreat you, the money we agreed on may be brought to the Blue Anchor, near to Billingsgate, by six a' clock, where I and my chief friends bound for this voyage, will with feast attend you.

Secu. The money, my honourable compeer, shall without fail observe your appointed hour.

Pet. Thanks, my dear gossip, — I must now impart To your approved love a loving secret,
As one on whom my life doth more rely,
In friendly trust, than any man alive:
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections, for affection only;
For I protest, if heav'n bless my return,
To make you partner in my action's gain
As deeply, as if you had ventur'd with me
Half my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
I have enjoy'd, with such divine contentment,
A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,
That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,
Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence, so I thirst and hunger
To taste the dear feast of her company.
And if the hunger and the thirst you vow
(As my sworn gossip) to my wished good
Be, as I know it is, unfeign'd and firm,
Do me an easy favour in your power.

Secu. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do,
To my best nerve, is wholly at your service;
Who is the woman (first) that is our friend?

Pet.

Pet. The woman is your learned council's wife;
 The lawyer, master Bramble: whom would you
 Bring out this even, in honest neighbourhood,
 To take his leave with you, of me your gossip:
 I, in the mean time, will send this my friend
 Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd,
 Before his face, into our company,
 To free her from his tyrannous jealousy;
 And I would take this course before another,
 In stealing her away to make us sport.
 And I am sure that no man like yourself
 Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy,
 To so long stay abroad, as may give time
 To her enlargement, in such safe disguise.

Secu. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project!
 A lawyer is ambitious; and his head
 Cannot be prais'd nor rais'd too high
 With any fork of highest knavery.
 I'll go fetch her straight.

[Exit Security.]

Pet. So, so! Now, Frank, go thou home to his house,
 Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither;
 Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is poison'd
 With his stern, usurous jealousy, which could never
 Be over-reach'd thus, but with over-reaching.

Enter Security.

Secu. And, mr. Francis, watch you the instant time
 To enter with his exit.

Quick. How the old villain joys in villainy!

Secu. And hark you, gossip, when you have her here,
 Have your boat ready; ship her to your ship
 With utmost haste, lest mr. Bramble stay you.
 To o'er-reach that head that out-reacheth all heads,
 'Tis a trick rampant; 'tis a very quiblin.
 I hope, this harvest, to pitch cart with lawyers,
 Their heads will be so forked.

[Exit.]

Quick. Was ever rascal honey'd so with poison?
 Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyer's.

Pet. But stay, Frank, let's think how we may disguise
 her upon this sudden.

Quick. God's me, there's the mischief, but hark you,
 here's

here's an excellent device; a rare one: I will carry a sailor's gown, and cover her; and a player's beard.

Pet. And what upon her head?

Quick. A sailor's cap.

Pet. A sailor's cap? how shall she put it off
When thou present'st her to our company?

Quick. Tush, man, for that, make her a saucy sailer.

Enter Security, with his wife's gown.

Secu. Knight, knight, a rare device!

Pet. 'Soons, yet again?

Quick. What stratagem have you now?

Secu. You talk of disguising —

Pet. Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present care.

Secu. Cast care away then; here's the best device:

Here's my wife's gown,

Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife;

And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons:

One is, that master Bramble may take hold

Of some suspicion that it is my wife;

And gird me so, perhaps, with his law wit:

The other (which is policy indeed)

Is, that my wife may now be tied at home,

Having no more but her old gown abroad;

And not shew me a quirk, whilst I firk others.

Is not this rare?

Ambo. The best that ever was.

Secu. Am not I born to furnish gentlemen?

Pet. O my dear gossip!

Secu. Well, hold, master Francis; watch when the
lawyer's out, and put it in; and now — I will go fetch
him. *[Goes to the door.]*

Quick. O my dad! — he goes as it were the devil to
fetch the lawyer; and devil shall he be, if horns will
make him one.

Pet. Why, how now, gossip, why stay you there
musing?

Secu. A toy, a toy runs in my head, i'faith.

Quick. A pox of that head, is there more toys yet?

Pet. What is it, pray thee, gossip?

Secu. Why, sir? what if you should slip away now
with my wife's best gown, I having no security for it?

Quick.

Quick. For that, I hope, dad, you will take our words.

Sec. Ay, by the mass, your word! that's a proper staff
For wise Security to lean upon.

But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust my name
On your crack'd credits. Fetch the wench, Frank. *[Exit.*

Quick. I'll wait upon you, sir,
And fetch you over, you were never so fetch'd!

Go to the tavern knight; your followers
Dare not be drunk, I think, before their captain. *[Exit.*

Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter service,
Till our Virginian gold were in our purses. *[Exit.*

*Enter Seagull, Spendall, and Scapetbrift, in a tavern,
with a drawer.*

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogheads;
and let's have chear, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern,
but for our Virginian Colonel; he will be here instantly.

Draw. You shall have all things fit, sir; please you
have any more wine?

Spend. More wine, slave? whether we drink it or no,
spill it and draw more.

Scap. Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of
liquor, and let them wait on us here, like soldiers in their
pewter coats; and though we do not employ them now,
yet we will maintain 'em till we do.

Draw. Said like an honourable captain; you shall have
all you can command, sir. *[Exit Drawer.*

Sea. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest
of her maidenhead.

Spend. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

Sea. A whole country of English is there, man; bred
of those that were left there in 79. They have married
with the Indians, and make 'em bring forth as beautiful
faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians
are so in love with them, that all the treasure they have
they lay at their feet.

Scap. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I
have heard?

Sea. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than cop-
per is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring,
I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their
dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and

all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fetter'd in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays, and gather them by the sea-shore, to hang on their children's coats, and stick in their children's caps, as commonly as our children wear groats with holes in them.

Scap. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Sea. As ever the sun shined on; temperate, and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without serjeants, or courtiers, or lawyers.

Spend. Gods me! and how far is it thither?

Sea. Some six weeks sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind. See, our colonel's come.

Enter sir Petronel, with his followers.

Pet. Well met, good captain Seagull, and my noble gentlemen! now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench presently, that will bear us company all our voyage.

Sea. Whosoever she be, here's to her health, noble colonel, both with cap and knee.

Pet. Thanks, kind captain Seagull, she's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us: And so, gentlemen, here's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come, worthy colonel, *we do hunger and thirst for it.*

Pet. Afore heaven, you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch, from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it.

Spend. Why then we will join his forehead with her health, sir; and, captain Scapethrift, here's to 'em both.

Enter Security and Bramble.

Secu. See, see, master Bramble! 'fore heaven their voyage cannot but prosper, they are o' their knees for success to it.

Bram. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Secu. Save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains
and

and corporals; see, sir, my worshipful learned counsel, mr. Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Pet. Worshipful mr. Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness? come, captain Seagull, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a thorn about him.

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir: come, master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Secu. Bend your knees likewise, mr. Bramble, for it is you shall pledge me.

Sea. Not so, mr. Security, he must not pledge his own health.

Secu. No, master captain?

Enter Quicksilver, with Winny disguised.

Why then, here's one is fitly come to do him that honour.

Quick. Here's the gentlewoman, your cousin, sir, whom with much entreaty I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; asham'd whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask.

Pet. Pardon me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went, made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Secu. How, mr. Francis, have you honour'd this presence with a fair gentlewoman?

Quick. Pray, sir, take you no notice of her; for she will not be known to you.

Secu. But my learned counsel, mr. Bramble here, I hope may know her.

Quick. No more than you, sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

Secu. Well, God pardon her for my part; and I do I'll be sworn; and so, master Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to-night towards Cuckold's-haven; and so to the health of master Bramble.

Quick. I pledge it, sir: hath it gone round, captains?

Sea. It has sweet Frank, and the round closes with thee.

Quick. Well, sir, here's to all eastward, and towards cuckolds and so to famous Cuckold's-haven, so fatally remember'd.

[He rises.
Pet.

Pet. Nay, pray thee, cuz, weep not. — Gossip Security.

Secu. Ay, my brave gossip.

Pet. A word I beseech you, sir: Our friend, mistress Bramble here, is so dissolv'd in tears, that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting; sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

Secu. Pity of all true love, mistress Bramble, what, weep you to enjoy your love? what's the cause, lady? First, because your husband is so near, and your heart earns to have a little abused him? Alas! alas! the offence is too common to be respected.

Enter drawer.

Draw. Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours, and that it will be dangerous going against the tide; for the sky is over-cast, and there was a porpoise even now seen at London-bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

Pet. A porpoise! what's that to the purpose? charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spite of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers.

Sea. What's that, good colonel?

Pet. This, captain Seagull: we'll have our provided supper brought aboard sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compass'd the world, where with full cups and banquets we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirit of the waters should haunt the desert ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceited! one health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be drunk, nay he never be sober.

[They compass in Winnifred, dance the drunken round, and drink carouses.]

Bram. Sir Petronel, and his honourable captains, in these young services we old servitors may be spared: We only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all

all, I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health of sir Petronel and all his captains.

Secu. You must bend then, master Bramble; so, now I am for you; I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Heat, lady, to you that are incompass'd there, and are ashamed of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, my learned counsel, master Bramble, my mind runs so of cuckold's-haven to-night, that my head turns round with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Secu. No, by my troth, master Bramble; ha, ha, ha! a pox of all Cuckold's-havens, I say.

Bram. I' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

Secu. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at sir Francis Drake's ship to-night. Adieu, my noble gossip.

Bram. Good fortune, brave captains, fair skies God send ye.

Omnes. Farewell, my hearts, farewell.

Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's-haven, gossip.

Secu. I have done, I have done, sir. Will you lead, master Bramble? ha, ha, ha! [Exit.

Pet. Captain Seagull, charge a boat.

Omnes. A boat, a boat, a boat! [Exeunt.

Draw. Y'are in a proper taking indeed to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest; they say that *drunken men never take harm*; this night will try the truth of that proverb. [Exit.

Enter Security.

Sea. What, Winny? Wife, I say? Out of doors at this time! where should I seek the Gad fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight; wo be to thee, Billingsgate. A boat, a boat, a boat! a full hundred marks for a boat!

[Exit.

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter Slitgut, with a pair of ox horns, discovering Cuckold's-haven above.

Slit. **A**LL hail, fair haven of married men only! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of East-cheap) who sends me to set up (in honour of saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage; and up I gat this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves; to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then, heaven and saint Luke bless me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb, with this furious tempest. 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns: Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps! she bears some unjust burden, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it: Heaven bless all honest passengers that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth I see, and she will run away with 'em. — So, so; I think I have made it look the right way it runs against London-bridge (as it were) even full butt. And now let me discover from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her desperate lunacy. — O me, here's a boat has been cast away hard by! Alas, alas, see one of her passenger's labouring for his life, to land at this haven here. So, now he's past the worst. He comes towards me pretty strongly.

Enter Security, without his hat, in a night-cap, wet band, &c.

Secu. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee? where am I cast ashore now? Let me see; O I am scarce able to look about me; where is there any sea-mark that I am acquainted withal?

Slit. Look up, are you acquainted with this mark?

Secu. What! landed at Cuckold's-haven? I will run back and drown myself.

*[He falls down.
Slit.*

Slit. Poor man, how weak he is!

Secu. Landed at Cuckold's-haven! if it had not been to die twenty times alive, I should never have 'scap'd death. I will never arise more.

Slit. Alas, be not so desperate! Rise, man; if you will, I'll lead you home.

Secu. Home? shall I make any know my home, that has known me thus abroad? How low shall I crouch away, that no eye may see me? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face more.

[Exit creeping.]

Slit. What young planet reigns now, that old men are so foolish? What desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad such weather as this, upon the water? Ah me, see another remnant of this unfortunate ship-wreck! A woman, i'faith! a woman! I discern it to be a woman! for all her body is above the water, and her cloaths swim about her most handsomely. — O they bear her up most bravely; Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her cloaths the better while she lives for this? She's up, she's up! she's a beautiful woman, I warrant her, the billows durst not devour her.

Enter the drawer in the tavern before, with Winnifred.

Draw. How fare you now, lady?

Win. Much better, my good friend, than I wish; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserved!

Draw. Comfort yourself; that power that preserved you from death, can likewise defend you from infamy; howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this night, with a knight, and other gentlemen, at Billingsgate?

Win. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Draw. I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus far after you, to a house of my friend's here in St. Katharine's; since I am now happily made a means to your rescue, from the ruthless tempest. There was left behind you at our tavern, brought by a porter, a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which if they be your's, and you please to shift you, (taking a hard bed here, in this house of my friend) I will presently go fetch 'em you.

Win.

Win. Thanks, my good friend. The gown with all things bound with it are mine; which if you please to fetch, I will thankfully stay here till you return, intreating to let none know where I am bestow'd, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame, than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Draw. Come in, lady, and thrust yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be us'd in your discovery.

Win. Thank you, good friend; the time may come I shall requite you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Quicksilver bareheaded.

Quick. Accurs'd that ever I was sav'd or born! How fatal is my sad arrival here! As if the stars and providence spake to me, And said, the drift of all unlawful courses, (Whatever end they dare propose themselves) They are the ready highways to our ruins.

O! which way shall I bend my desperate steps, In which unsufferable shame and misery Will not attend them? I will walk this bank, And see if I can meet the other relics Of our poor ship-wreck'd crew, or hear of them. The knight, alas! was so far gone with wine, And the other three, that I refus'd their boat, And took the hapless woman in another, Who cannot but be sunk, whatever fortune Hath wrought upon the others desperate lives. [*Exit.*]

Enter Petronel and Seagull bareheaded.

Pet. Zounds, captain, I tell thee we are cast up o' the coast of France. 'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope. D'st remember where we were last night?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I, but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water, and in the water.

Pet. Ah me! hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny.

Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that. [*Exit.*]

Enter two gentlemen.

Pet. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me? See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen, I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so frenchified, that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England when he sees 'em? What shall we do? We must e'en do 'em, and intreat some relief of 'em: Life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now, but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg; you can speak French.

Pet. *Monfieur, plaist il d'avoir pitié de nôtre grand infortune: Je fuis un pauvre Chevalier d'Angleterre, qui a fuffri l'infortune de naufrage.*

1 Gent. *Un pauvre chevalier d'Angleterre?*

Pet. *Ouy, monfieur, il est trop vray; mais vous favez bien, nous sommes tous fujet à fortune.*

2 Gent. A poor knight of England? a poor knight of Windsor are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, think you?

1 Gent. On the coast of dogs, sir. Yare I th' life o' Dogs, I tell you. I see y'have been wash'd in the Thames here; and I believe ye were drown'd in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you for shaming of you. — I ken the man well, he's one of my thirty pound knights.

2 Gent. Now this is he that stole his knighthood of the grand day, for four pound given to a page, all the money in's purse. *[Exit.]*

Enter Quickfilver.

Pet. What! my sweet Frank Quickfilver! dost thou survive to rejoice me? But what, nobody at thy heels, Frank? Ah me, what is become of poor mistress Security?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Sea. Let her go, let her go; let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us; twenty to one our ship is attach'd by this time; and

and if our ship be attach'd, there is no hope can relieve us.

Quick. 'Sfoot, knight, what an unknightly faintness transports thee? let our ship sink, and all the world that's without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this brain of mine shall not let us perish.

Sea. Well said, Frank, i'faith, O my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! would thou had'st been our colonel.

Pet. I like his spirit rarely: but I see no means he has to support that spirit.

Quick. Go to, knight, I have more means than thou art aware of: I have not liv'd amongst goldsmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with them. And not to let thee sink where thou stand'st, knight, I'll let thee know some of my skill presently.

Sea. Do, good Frank, I beseech thee.

Quick. I will blanch copper so cunningly, that it shall endure all proofs but the test. Follow me, I will put it in practice instantly.

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Drawer, with Winnifred new attir'd.

Win. Now you have brought me nigh enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some colour be seen near, enquiring for my husband; who, I must tell you, stole thither the last night, with my wet gown we have left at your friend's, which to continue your former kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any, and leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

Draw. All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can with for attend you. [*Exit Drawer.*

Enter Security.

Secu. I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I shift one rag of me more, that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers: I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap.

Win. O my dear husband! where have you been to-night?

night? all night abroad at a tavern? rob me of my garments? and fare as one run away from me? Alas! is this seemly for a man of your credit? of your age, and affection to your wife?

Secu. What should I say? how miraculously forts this? was not I at home, and call'd thee last night?

Win. Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke, and my answer to you would have witness'd it, if you had had the patience to have staid and answered me; but your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Mr. Bramble's; and so I rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbeliev'd absence brought me abroad, with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Secu. Villain and monster that I was, how have I abus'd thee? I was suddenly gone indeed! I will say no more but this, dear wife, I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me?

Secu. Talk not of it, I beseech thee: I am ashamed to imagine it; I will home, I will home, and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Touchstone.

Touch. Ha, sirrah! thinks my knight adventurer that we ken no point of our compass? Do we not know north north-east, north-east and by east, east and by north, nor plain eastward? Ha! have we never heard of Virginia, nor the Cavallaria, nor the Colonia? Can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant sir Flash, and my runagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk, crack cans: There's that gone afore will slay your admiral, and vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace, and under sail, as well as a remora, doubt it not. *Work upon that now.* Nay, and you'll shew tricks, we'll vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land to a castle of his i' the air, (in what region I know not) and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach: she, and her two waiting women, her maid and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a top of 'em, I think. Since they have all found the way back again by weeping crosses. But I'll not see 'em. And for two of 'em, madam and her

her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William, as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'em; or else to graze o' the common: So should my dame Touchstone too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprights, i'faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding: he was sent for to the Guild-hall this morning betimes; if I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See, he is come! — How now, son, what news at the court of aldermen?

Enter Golding.

Gold. Trothy, sir, an accident somewhat strange; else it hath little in it worth the reporting.

Touch. What? It is not borrowing of money then?

Gold. No, sir, it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest.

Touch. Ha!

Gold. And the alderman of the ward, wherein I dwell, to appoint me his deputy.

Touch. How!

Gold. In which place I have had an oath ministred to me since I went.

Touch. Now, my dear and happy son! let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition, which a whole city so conspires to second? Ta'en into the livery of his company the first day of his freedom? now (not a week married) chosen commoner and alderman's deputy in a day? Nought but the reward of a thrifty course; the wonder of his time! Forward, my son, and as this is the first, so esteem it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Gold. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt: and I had rather my bearing in this, or any other office, should add worth to it, than the place give the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken: this modest answer of thine

blushes,

blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet shortly. But no more of this now you hear it. You hear how our lady is come back with her train, from the invisible castle?

Gold. No; where is she?

Touch. Within; but I have not seen her yet, nor her mother: who now begins to wish her daughter undubb'd, they say; and that she had walked a foot-pace with her sister. — Here they come, stand back.

Touchstone, Mrs. Touchstone, Girtred, Golding, Mildred, Syndefy.

Save your ladyship: save your good ladyship: your ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle, so are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight errant is travell'd on strange adventures: Surely, in my mind, *your ladyship hath fil'd fair, and caught a frog*, as the saying is.

Mrs. Touch. Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down.

Gir. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet: though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touch. Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter that I should pay obeisance to you, that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought on your knees to me, who am a poor cullion, and your father.

Gir. My father knows his duty.

Mrs. Touch. O child!

Touch. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage; and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, *however at present concealed to mortal eyes*. And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you; she shall stay at home with me, and take part with the Touchstone: If we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damsel here, please you to let us see your streight backs, in equipage; for truly, here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

Gir. Marry, fyft o' your kindness. — I thought as much. Come away, Sinne!

Mild. O good sister!

R

Gir.

Gir. Sister, irreverence. — Come away, I say.

Gold. O madam, fair words never hurt the tongue.

Gir. How say you by that? you come out with your gold ends now!

Mrs. Touch. Stay, lady-daughter: good husband.

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. As she has brew'd, so let her drink, o' God's name: she went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a begging. She has coach-horses, apparel, jewels yet left; when those are pawn'd or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Gir. I scorn it, i' faith. — Come, Sinne!

*[Exeunt *Gir.* and *Synne.**

Mrs. Touch. O madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Touch. Nay, nay, e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you. Come, why do'st thou weep now? thou art not the first good cow has had an ill calf, I trust. — What's the news with that fellow?

*Enter Constable, whispers *Golding.**

Gold. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without, will you have 'em brought in?

Touch. O, by any means. And, son, here's a chair, appear terrible unto 'em, on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Gold. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'em, except you charge 'em with somewhat.

Touch. I will charge 'em and recharge 'em, rather than authority should want foil to set it off.

Gold. No, good sir, I will not.

Touch. Son, it is your place; by any means.

Gold. Believe it, I will not, sir.

*Enter knight *Petronel*, *Quicksilver*, *Constable*, *Officers.**

Pet. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Quick. Would it had been my fortune to have been trust up at Wapping, rather than ever had come here!

Pet. Or mine, to have famish'd in the island.

Quick. Must *Golding* sit upon us?

Con. You might carry an M under your girdle, to my deputy's worship.

Gold.

Gold. What are those, mr. Constable?

Con. An't please your worship, a couple of masterless men I prest for the Low-Countries, sir.

Gold. Why don't you carry them to Bridewell, according to your order, that they may be shipt away?

Con. An't please your worship, one of 'em says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him your worship, for our discharge.

Gold. Which is he?

Con. This, sir.

Gold. And what's the other?

Con. A knight's fellow, sir, an't please you.

Gold. What, a knight and his fellow thus accoutred! Where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and cloaks?

Quick. O, they mock us.

Con. Nay, truly, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too before we did see 'em. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say, knights are now to be known without feathers like cockrels by their spurs, sir.

Gold. What are their names, say they?

Touch. Very well this. He should not take knowledge of 'em in his place, indeed.

Con. This is sir Petronel Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this Francis Quicksilver.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems; and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be cover'd, sir. How did your bisquet hold out, sir? Methought I had seen this gentleman afore; good mr. Quicksilver, how a degree to the southward has changed you!

Gold. Do you know 'em, father? Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, mr. deputy: I had a small venture with them in the voyage; a thing call'd a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'em stand alone; they will not run away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of them was my 'prentice, mr. Quicksilver here; and when he had two years to serve,

kept his whore, and his hunting nag; would play his hundred pound at Gresco, or Primero, as familiarly (and all o' my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on 'em all; had his changeable trunks of apparet, standing at livery with his mare; his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing tubs; which when I told him of, why he, he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheap-side groom. The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pound disperst among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, sir Flash: one that married a daughter of mine; ladyfied her; turned six thousand pounds worth of good land and wood of her's into cash within the first week; bought her a new gown and a coach; sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billingsgate for his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage, the wife of a certain usurer call'd Security, who hath been the broker for 'em in all this business: please, mr. deputy, *Work upon that now.*

Gold. If my worshipful father have ended—

Touch. I have, it shall please mr. deputy.

Gold. Well then, under correction—

Touch. Now, son, come over 'em with some fine gird; as thus, *Knight, you shall be encounter'd, that is, had to the Counter; or Quicksilver, I will put you in a crucible; or so.*

Gold. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them: but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him aside; I will hear you anon, sir.

Touch. I like this well yet: there's some grace i' the knight left, he cries.

Gold. Francis Quicksilver, would thou had'st turn'd Quacksilver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses. It is great pity; thou art a proper young man; thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate: and being by him gently admonish'd, at several times, hast turn'd thyself haughty and rebellious in
thine

thine answers, requiring all his kindness with a coarse and harsh behaviour. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill nature, and Heaven doth often punish such pride with scorn and infamy. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withall? From the press I will free 'em, mr. constable.

Con. Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

Gold. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'em.

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallant, mr. Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony, and the knight, as being accessory in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O good sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face do'st thou offer to chop logick with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee? that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee. Do'st not observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver! He was a free boon companion when he had money, says one; hang him, fool, says another, he could not keep it when he had it. A pox o' the cullion his master, says a third; he has brought him to this. When their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventur'd for them with the best; and, by the clew of thy knavery, brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quick. Worshipful master!

Touch. Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learned to whine at the play yonder. Mr. deputy, pray you commit them both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'em.

Quick. O me, what an unfortunate thing am I!

Per. Will you not take security, sir?

Touch. Yes, marry will I, sir Flash, if I can find him, and charge him as deep as the best on you. He

has been the plotter of all this: he is your engineer, I hear. Mr. deputy, you'll dispose of these: In the mean time, I'll to my lord mayor, and get his warrant to seize the serpent Security into my hands; and seal up both house and goods to the king's use, or my satisfaction.

Gold. Officers, take 'em to the Counter.

Quick. Pet. Oh!

Touch. Nay, on, on: you see the issue of your sloth: of sloth cometh pleasure; of pleasure cometh riot; of riot cometh whoring; of whoring comes spending; of spending comes want; of want comes theft; of theft comes hanging: and there is my Quicksilver fix'd. *[Exeunt.]*

Act V. Scene I.

Enter Girtred and Syndeff.

Gir. **A** H, Synne! hast thou ever read i' the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Synne?

Synd. Not I truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books now.

Gir. Why, good faith, Synne, I could dine with a lamentable story now; canst thou tell ne'er a one, Synne?

Synd. None but mine own, madam; which is lamentable enough: first, to be stol'n from my friends, which were worshipful, and of good account, by a prentice, in the habit and disguise of a gentleman; and here brought up to London, and promis'd marriage; and now likely to be forsaken; for he is in a possibility to be hang'd.

Gir. Nay, weep not, good Synne. My Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Synne. I was more than promis'd marriage, Synne; I had it, Synne: and was made a lady, and by a knight, Synne; which is now as good as no knight, Synne: and I was born in London, which is more than brought up, Synne; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Synne: and instead of land i' the country, all my knight's living lies i' the Counter, Synne: there's his castle now.

Synd.

Synd. Which he cannot be forced out of, madam.

Gir. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two; *Hunger, they say, breaks stone walls.* But he is e'en well enough serv'd, Synne, that so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, ran away from me, as I had been his punk, God bless us! Would the knight of the Sun, or Palmerine of England, have used their ladies so, Synne?

Synd. I do not know, madam.

Gir. Then thou knowest nothing, Syn. Thou art a fool, Syn. The knighthood now adays are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a horse-back; ours go afoot. They were attended by their 'squires; ours by their ladies. They went buckled in their armour; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travell'd wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still prest to engage their honour; ours ready to pawn their cloaths. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies. Let them vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

Synd. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess (profane woman) has sworn by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal.

Gir. Let it stink in her hand then; I'll not be beholden to her. Let me see; my jewels be gone, and my gown; and my red velvet petticoat, that I was married in; and my wedding silk stockings; and all thy best apparel, poor Syn. Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, I'll lay my ladyship in lavender, if I knew where.

Synd. Your ladyship! Who will lend any thing upon it.

Gir. Who? marry, enow, I warrant you; if you'll seek 'em out. I'm sure I remember the time, when I would ha' given a thousand pound (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle born o' the city, have the same longing I trust. And, for my part, I would afford 'em a penn'orth: my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing; and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. Good lord, that there are no fairies now adays, Syn.

Synd. Why, madam?

Gir.

Gir. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. I remember my song o' the Golden-shower; why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

*Fond fables tell of old,
How Jove in Danae's lap
Fell in a shower of gold,
By which she caught a clasp;
Oh had it been my hap!
Howe'er the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten.*

Enter Mrs. Touchstone.

Gir. O, here's my mother! good luck, I hope. Ha! you brought any money, mother? Nay, sweet mother, do not weep!

Mrs. Touch. I would I were in my grave.

Gir. Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? Dry your eyes and comfort me. Alas! it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

Mrs. Touch. Simply? 'tis better than thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter.

Gir. Nay, mother, you should ha' look'd to it: a body would think you were the older. I did but my kind, I, he was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself. You shew what husband you come on. You smell o' the Touchstone. By this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.

Synd. O, good madam, do not take up your mother so.

Mrs. Touch. Nay, nay, let her alone. Let her ladyship grieve me still with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole enough to see her in this miserable case. Well, Heaven knows my heart, I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Gir. Why, mother, I ha' not yet. I would not change husbands with my sister yet.

Mrs. Touch.

Mrs. Touch. However, go to thy sister, child: She'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight; and redeem thy gowns, and thy coach, and thy horses; and set thee up again.

Gir. But will she get him to set my knight up, too?

Mrs. Touch. That she will, or any thing else thou'lt ask her.

Gir. I will begin to love her, if I thought she would do this.

Mrs. Touch. Try her; I warrant thee.

Gir. Do'st thou think she'll do't?

Synd. Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

Mrs. Touch. That's a good maiden: she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i' the ale-house.

Gir. Go, Synne, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet. [Exeunt.]

Enter Touchstone, Golding, and Wolf.

Touch. I will receive no letters, mr. Wolf; you shall pardon me.

Gold. Good father, let me entreat you.

Touch. Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-pen'd subtle letter may work upon it: return with your packet, sir.

Wolf. Believe it, sir, these are but letters of submission, all.

Touch. Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like *blind justice*. *Work upon that now.* When the sessions come they shall hear from me.

Gold. From whom come your letters, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. An't please you, sir, one from sir Petronel, another from Francis Quicksilver, and another from old Security, who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship; one from mr. Francis, sir, another from the knight.

Touch. I do wonder, mr. Wolf, why you should travel thus in a business so contrary to the kind, or nature o' your place! That you being the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of your prisoners! Whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you,
to

to be ranging about for more, and not let these 'scape you have already under the tooth. But they say, you Wolves when you ha' suck'd the blood, once that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wolf. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name; but I protest, I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i' the kingdom under my keys, and almost of all religions i' the land: as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Anabaptist, Family o' Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, &c.

Gold. And which of all these (thinks mr. Wolf) was the best religion?

Wolf. Troth, mr. Deputy, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farther.

Gold. I believe you, mr. Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i' these letters.

Wolf. Humility, sir? I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms, and edifying the whole prison. Only Security sings a note too high sometimes; because he lies i' the two-penny ward, far off.

Touch. Which on 'em is't is so devout; the knight, or t'other?

Wolf. Both, sir; but the young man especially: I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too; he is so well given, and has such good gifts! He can tell you almost all the stories of the Book of Martyrs; and speak you all the Sickman's Salve, without book.

Touch. Ay, if he had had grace, he was brought up where it grew. On, mr. Wolf.

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs, a serjeant; a fellow could neither write nor read. He was call'd the Bandog o' the Counter: and he has brought him already to pare his nails, and say his prayers; and 'tis hoped, he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

Touch. No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farther ear, I were taken. Adieu, good mr.

Wolf. Son, I do feel mine own weakness; do not importune me, pity is a rheum that I am subject to, but I will resist it. Mr. Wolf, fish is cast away that is cast in dry pools: Tell hypocrisy it will not do. I have touch'd
and

and tried too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so: when the sessions come, they shall hear from me. In the mean time, to all suits, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle; lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand, against all temptations. [Exit.]

Gold. You see, master Wolf, how inexorable he is; there is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'em with this small token of my love; tell 'em I wish I could do 'em any worthier office; but in this it is desperate; yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power for 'em. And sir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'em want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wolf. Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more. [Exit.]

Enter Holdfast, Bramble, Security.

Hold. Who would you speak with, sir?

Bram. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Hold. Y'are welcome, sir. Stay there, I'll call him to you — Mr. Security!

Sec. Who calls?

Hold. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is he? Is it one that grafts my forehead, now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

Hold. You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little craz'd with his imprisonment. [Exit.]

Sec. What say you to me, sir? My learned counsel mr. Bramble! Cry you mercy, sir; when saw you my wife?

Bram. She is now at my house, sir; and desired me that I would come to visit you; and inquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

Sec. My case, mr. Bramble, is stone walls, and iron grates.

Bram. But what is't you are in for, sir?

Sec. For my sins, for my sins, sir; whereof marriage

is the greatest. O, had I never married, I had never known this purgatory! to which hell is a kind of cool bath, in respect. My wife's confederacy, sir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her Jubilee, and the feast of her new-moon. Do you understand me, sir?

Enter Quicksilver.

Quick. Good sir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm; and his example will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie, father Security, that you'll be still so profane! will nothing humble you?

Enter Petronel.

Pet. But can we not be bail'd, mr. Bramble?

Bram. Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself in spite of him, with a Habeas Corpus: But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the town, that he may have feeling of it, (do you see) you may be bail'd; for, as I understand the case, it is only done *in terrorem*; and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costs.

Enter mr. Wolf.

Quick. How now, mr. Wolf? what news?

Wolf. Faith, bad all; yonder will be no letters received. He says the sessions shall determine it; only mr. deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he could do you other good.

Quick. I thank him. Good mr. Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus with your winding devices: Pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succour me. Mr. Wolf, let this be distributed among the prisoners; and desire 'em to pray for us. [*Exeunt Quick. Bramb. and Secu.*]

Wolf. It shall be done, mr. Francis.

Pet. But what said my father-in-law, mr. Wolf?

Enter Holdfast.

Hold. Here's one would speak with you, sir.

Wolf. I'll tell you anon, sir Petronel. [*Exit sir Pet.*]

Who is't?

Hold.

Hold. A gentleman, sir, that will not be seen.

Enter Golding.

Wolf. Master deputy, your worship is welcome.

Gold. Peace!

Wolf. Away, sirrah!

[*To Holdfast.*

Gold. Good faith, mr. Wolf, the estate of these gentlemen doth much affect me; and because I am desirous to do them some fair office, I have ventured on a device, which is to make myself your prisoner, intreating you will presently go report it to my father, and (feigning an action at suit of some third person) pray him by this token, that he will, with all secrecy, come hither for my bail; which train I know will bring him abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event.

Wolf. Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you come in.

Gold. Yes; and let me rest conceal'd, I pray you.

Wolf. Be pleased to follow me, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Touchstone, wife, daughters, Synne, Winnifred.

Mild. Dear father!

Mrs. Touch. Husband!

Gir. Father!

Win. & Sin. Mr. Touchstone!

Touch. Away, sirens! I will immure myself against your cries, and lock myself up to your lamentations.

Mrs. Touch. Gentle husband, hear me!

Gir. Father, it is I, father; my lady Flash! my sister and I are friends.

Mil. Good father!

Win. Be not harden'd, good mr. Touchstone.

Touch. I am deaf, I do not hear you; I have stoppt mine ears with shoemaker's wax; and drank Lethe and Mandragora to forget you.

Enter Wolf.

Wolf. Where's mr. Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste.

Mild. What's the matter, sir? pray all be well.

S

Wolf.

Wolf. Master deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires he would come to him instantly.

Mild. Ah me! do you hear, father?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacy! I scent 'em.

Mrs. Touch. Why, it is mr. Wolf, husband!

Mild. Father!

Touch. I am deaf still, I say: I will neither yield to the song of the siren, nor the voice of the hyena; the tears of the crocodile, nor the howling o' the wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters.

Wolf. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

Touch. Ha! what token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it, sir?

Touch. My son Golding's ring! Are you in earnest, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. Ay, by my faith, sir. He is in prison, and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

Touch. My cloak there! I am plagued for my austerity; my cloak! — At whose suit, mr. Wolf?

Wolf. I'll tell you as we go, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mild. O me! my mother! what cruel accidental woe is this? O let me run to comfort my dear Golding.

My father's haste doth speak the danger great,

O let me fly to share my husband's fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Wolf and Touchstone.

Wolf. Please you stay here, sir; I'll call his worship down to you.

Enter Quicksilver and Petronel.

Touch. Who is this? my man Francis, and my son-in-law! let us stand aside a while — But where's my son Golding?

Wolf. I know he obscures himself to hear mr. Quicksilver sing his lamentation, a dismal ditty he has composed himself; he is come into this room on purpose to sing it to the knight, sir Petronel, again; who drops a tear for every line he sings: It is to the tune of, *I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.*

Pet. Come, my dear friend! once more.

Quick.

Quick. It is all the Tessimony I shall leave behind me to the world, and my worthy master, that I have so offended.

Touch. Ha! what's that?

Quick. In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,
Quicksilver I did dwell of late;
 I had a master good and kind,
 That would have wrought me to his mind.
 He bade me still, work upon that;
 But, alas, I wrought I know not what!
 He was a Touchstone, black but true,
 And told me still what would insue.
 Yet, woe is me! I would not learn,
 I saw, alas! but could not discern.

Pet. Excellent, excellent well!

Gold. O, let him alone; he is taken already.

Quick. I cast my coat and cap away;
 I went in silk and sattins gay;
 False metal of good manners I
 Did daily coin unlawfully.
 I scorn'd my master, being drunk;
 I kept my gelding and my punk!
 And with a knight, sir Flash by name,
 (Who now is sorry for the same)

Pet. I thank you, Francis!

*I thought by sea to run away,
 But Thames and tempest did me stay.*

Touch. This cannot be feign'd sure. Heaven pardon my severity! The ragged colt may prove a good horse.

Gold. How he listens, and is transported! he has forgot me.

Quick. Still Eastward-hoe was all my word,
 But Westward I had no regard;
 Nor ever thought what would come after;
 As did, alas! his youngest daughter.
 At last the black ox trod o' my foot,
 And I saw then what 'long'd unto't:

*Now cry I, Touchstone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill!*

Touch. And I will do it, Francis!

Quick. This is the last, and the Farewell.

*Farewell, Cheapside! farewell, sweet trade
Of goldsmiths all, that ne'er shall fade,
Farewell, dear fellow-prentices all!
And be you warned by my fall;
Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs,
Avoid them as you would French scabs.
Seek not to go beyond your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your leather;
So shall you thrive by little and little,
'Scape Tyburn, Compters, and the Spittle.*

Touch. And 'scape thou shalt, my penitent Francis!

Quick. Master!

Pet. Father!

Touch. I can no longer forbear to do your humility right: Arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyful embraces of a father and friend's love. Quicksilver! thou hast eat into my breast with the drops of thy sorrow.

Quick. O sir, I am not worthy to see your face.

Pet. Forgive me, father!

Touch. Speak no more; all former passages are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thank this worthy brother, and kind friend, Francis. — Mr. Wolf, I am their bail. My dear Son Golding, thy pious fraud has given me double pleasure to see thee safe, and hear their true conversion. *Work upon that now.*

Sec. [within] Master Touchstone! Master Touchstone!

Touch. Who's that?

Wolf. Security, sir.

Sec. Pray you, sir, if you'll be won with a song, hear my lamentable tune too.

S O N G.

O Master Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe;

Alas!

Alas, I am a cuckold!
And why should it be so?
Because I was an usurer,
And bawd, as all you know,
For which again, I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

Touch. A doleful ditty, indeed! Bring him forth, Mr. Wolf, and release his bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy and to mirth. — See, we are encountered with more suitors.

Enter Mrs. Touchstone, Girtzed, Mildred, Syndesy, Winnifred, &c.

Save your breath: All things have succeeded to your wishes, and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Gir. Ay, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done all this while?

Pet. Dear lady, forgive me.

Gir. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too. I ha' been proud, father; and a fool, father; and being rais'd to the state of a lady, father, have scorn'd you, father, and my sister; and would make a mouth at the city, as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell; I have said your beard was a base one, father, and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mrs. Touch. Now God forgi' you, child madam.

Touch. No more repetitions. What else is wanting to make our harmony full?

Gold. Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Syndesy, with marriage.

Quick. With all my heart.

Gold. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touch. A good motion! What says Mr. Security?

Sec. I say any thing, sir, what you'll ha' me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Win. Cuckold, husband? why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touch. Why, Mr. Security, that should rather be a comfort

comfort to you than a corrosive. If you be a cuckold, it is an argument you have a beautiful woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o' your wedlock pain, others will take it for you: Besides, you being an usurer, (and likely to go to hell) the devils will never torment you: They'll take you for one of their own race.

Sec. I am resolved, sir.—Come hither, Winny.

Touch. Well then, all are pleased, or shall be anon. Master Wolf, have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him?

Quick. No, sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these; as a spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now, London, look about, And in this moral see thy glass run out. Behold the careful father, thrifty son, The solemn deeds which each of us have done; The usurer punish'd, and from fall so steep The prodigal child reclaim'd, and the lost sheep.

[*Exeunt.*]

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